



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

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EDWARD IV. AND HIS WHIPPING BOY.

THE WHIPPING BOY.

YEARS ago, the persons of the royal family were considered as too sacred to receive corporal punishment. Especially was this the case in England and France.

Yet some method had to be devised to

punish the children, who otherwise would have been utterly uncontrollable. Now, for this purpose little boys were selected as companions for the princes, and when it was deemed necessary, they were whipped in place of their royal play-fellow. If the prince was very naughty, willful or disobedient, he would

be compelled to witness the severe chastisement, which in justice he himself should receive, inflicted on his innocent and sorrowful playmate. These little scapegoats for the royal sins were called whipping-boys.

In the picture now before us, we can see how painful this scene often was. If the prince was of an honorable sensitive disposition, the severe flogging given his whipping boy must and often did punish him far worse than if he himself had received it.

These whipping-boys often grew up to become the beloved and trusted companions of their royal masters, and were thus often recompensed for the sufferings of their youth.

Often the wisest and best educated men in all the kingdom were selected as tutors to the little princes, and of course the whipping-boy received his share of the learning and instructions thus bestowed.

We may suppose from this picture that the prince had been guilty of some grave fault, and his tutor finds it necessary to get a great bunch of sticks to whip the poor little companion. Do you see how eagerly the prince grasps it and seeks to shield his beloved play-fellow from the cruel blows? It will be no use, however, for the tutor will take it away, and even now you may see the little whipping-boy unfasten his coat to receive the expected punishment. How painful it must be for the prince to stand by and watch the cruel thongs cutting into the flesh, and drawing groans from the poor little innocent recipient. How would my little JUVENILES enjoy such a thing? Do you not recall the exquisite pain caused you by witnessing the chastisement given by your parents to a brother or sister? Think then how much greater the pain, if you knew the little fellow being whipped was innocent and you were the guilty one, the one who deserved the blows! This practice gradually died out, as other and more humane methods of controlling the stubborn spirits of young royalty were adopted, and today the whipping-boy is but a memory, a relic of the semi-barbarous past.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Marriage and Divorce.



FOR some time past the attention of the nation has been directed to the Latter-day Saints and their marriage relations. Our social condition is a prominent topic. Many men, of loose morals and abandoned lives, profess to be greatly shocked because of our conduct.

It has been truly said that an unvirtuous woman is the most severe in her criticisms and condemnation of similar conduct on the part of others of her sex. In this way she hopes to gain credit for a virtue which she does not possess, and to divert attention from her own lapses. In like manner experience has proved in our case that the men who have been most violent in their denunciations of us and our system are men of impure lives. They are the most destitute of charity in the treatment of our question, and they are the worst enemies we have. By the efforts of a number of men, some of whom are of this class, who reside in Utah, co-operating with others abroad, deep public feeling has been aroused in the nation upon the "Mormon" question. People have forgotten the evils which exist in their own social system, they shut their eyes to the dreadful condition of things which are around them and have had their attention altogether directed towards Utah.

There is a time not far distant when this will change. The situation of society at the present in our nation is, in many respects, a dreadful one. Thoughtful men and women cannot close their eyes to the dangers which surround and threaten the social system of the nation. They are conscious of the existence of dreadful wrongs which call loudly for some remedy.

In the state of Massachusetts—a state renowned for its culture and the high character of its people—statistics show that if she were left to herself and were dependent upon her native population for growth, she would soon

show a startling decrease in the number of her inhabitants. The native mothers in that state who have children have not quite the proportion of two and a half to the mother. The foreign-born mothers with children have at the rate of three and nearly a half living. Of the married women in Massachusetts there are only about a little over eighty-two out of each hundred who have children at all.

This is a bad showing for the great state of Massachusetts, but there is another cause for concern in the social life of the nation which has been increasing in magnitude and blackness for some time past. It is asserted that the increase of divorce has become so threatening that, unless something is done, it will, ere long, overwhelm the domestic institutions of the country, and pollute the very fountains of chastity. It is asserted that the divorces now reach an aggregate that is simply infamous. The condition of things which this increase is bringing about is declared to be frightful. If this be not checked it will not be long before the body politic will be rotten to the core, for it is not in the nature of things for a nation to preserve its morals in the face of a steady advance of such a flood of vices as these frequent divorces produce.

During the first four hundred years of the existence of the Roman nation not a single divorce was applied for or granted. During that long period the nation was strong, united and vigorous. The Romans during that period were a virtuous people; but Rome had its civil wars, and during and after them the morals of the people became corrupt, and divorces became almost as numerous as marriages. It is alleged that men got divorces in order that they might marry, and married in order to be divorced. Seneca said that Romans measured their years, not by consuls, but by the number of marriages they had made. The state became terribly corrupt; profligacy flourished. Chastity was almost unknown. The Roman power was destroyed by the barbarians, but barbarous, uncouth and uncivilized as these were, compared with the polished and cultivated Romans, they

possessed the vigor of a people uncorrupted by wealth, licentiousness and other vices which flourished among the Romans.

Concerning this subject Cardinal Gibbon, of the Roman Catholic church, has lately written an article for the *North American Review*, from which I make the following extract:

"In our own country the divorce evil has grown more rapidly than our growth and strengthened more rapidly than our strength. Mr. Carroll D. Wright, in a special report on the statistics of marriage and divorce made to Congress in February, 1889, places the number of divorces in the United States in 1867 at 9,937, and the number in 1886 at 25,535. These figures show an increase of the divorce evil much out of proportion to our increase in population. The knowledge that divorces can easily be procured encourages hasty marriages and equally hasty separations. Legislators and judges in some states are encouraging inventive genius in the art of finding new causes for divorce. Frequently the most trivial and even ridiculous pretexts are recognized as sufficient for the rupture of the marriage bond; and in some states divorce can be obtained 'without publicity,' and even without the knowledge of the defendant—in such cases generally an innocent wife. Crime has sometimes been committed for the very purpose of bringing about a divorce, and cases are not rare in which plots have been laid to blacken the reputation of a virtuous spouse in order to obtain legal freedom for new nuptials. Sometimes, too, there is collusion between the married parties to obtain divorce. One of them trumps up charges; the other does not oppose the suit; and judgment is entered for the plaintiff. Every daily newspaper tells us of divorces applied for or granted, and the public sense of delicacy is constantly being shocked by the disgusting recital of divorce-court scandals.

"We are filled with righteous indignation at Mormonism; we brand it as a national disgrace, and justly demand its suppression. Why? Because, forsooth, the Mormons are polygamists. Do we forget that there are two species of polygamy—simultaneous and successive? Mormons practice without legal recognition the first species; while among us the second species is indulged in, and with the sanction of law, by thousands in whose nostrils Mormonism is a stench and an abomina-

tion. The Christian press and pulpit of the land denounce the Mormons as 'an adulterous generation,' but too often deal very tenderly with Christian polygamists. Why? Is Christian polygamy less odious in the eyes of God than Mormon polygamy? Among us, 'tis true, the one is looked upon as more *respectable* than the other. Yet we know that the Mormons, as a class, care for their wives and children; while Christian polygamists but too often leave wretched wives to starve, slave or sin, and leave miserable children a public charge. 'O divorced and much married Christian,' says the polygamous dweller by Salt Lake, 'pluck first the beam from thy own eye, and then shalt thou see to pluck the mote from the eye of thy much-married, but undivorced, Mormon brother.' "

The Editor.

THE ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 542.]

WE NOW turn to the history of the expedition of Dr. Kane, which had been undertaken for the discovery of Franklin's party in accordance with Kane's idea of their having sailed north and entered the open sea. The expedition sailed from New York, May 30th, 1853. Reaching Melville bay, Kane stood directly to the northward and eastward until he met the middle pack. Fearing that they might be beset in the ice he decided to fasten the ship to an iceberg in the hope of drifting out of the pack. After a hard struggle they succeeded in planting the ice anchors upon an immense berg, but had hardly done so when they were startled by the sound of a loud crackling from above, while at the same time small fragments of ice began to dot the water about them. They had but just time to realize what this meant and cast off, when the berg fell in ruins with a crash like that of artillery. They now anchored to another berg, but as the ice pressure began to affect it, it took up its march to the south. The next day a great berg drifted by bearing steadily to the north. Again the ice anchors

were cast, and this time the ship found herself speeding swiftly along, the loose ice drifting by on each side, leaving a waste of black water for a mile beyond the ship. At length the water opening a little to the north-east, the ship cast off and made her way through the drifting trash. "The midnight sun came out over the northern crest of the great berg, kindling variously colored fires on every part of its surface, and making the ice around ore great resplendency of gemwork, blazing carbuncles, and rubies, and molten gold."

Through all this jewelry the brig went crunching, and after ten days succeeded in crossing the bay. On the western cape of Littleton island they built a cairn and left official despatches and letters of farewell. The ship then entered the pack, and was again made fast to an iceberg. Here the drifting ice soon became impenetrable—bergs were sweeping to and fro, and, pressing on the ice of the floes, had raised up hills from sixty to seventy feet high. Having no alternative but to advance or retreat, they determined if possible to push through the small interspace between the main pack and the coast, an effort attended with the severest experiences. Whenever the receding tides left deficient soundings, the ship was on her beam ends; at times it was impossible to secure the stores so as to prevent her from taking fire. Aug. 29th, the ship reached latitude 78° 43', and being unable to proceed any further, preparations were made to harbor for the winter.

By September 10th the thermometer was at 14° below zero, and the floes around the brig were cemented. November 7th at noonday the stars shone and the moon swept around the heavens, her lowest curve only 14° above the horizon. During the one hundred and twenty days of the sun's absence the usual daily routine was kept up as it had been before. At half-past seven a.m. they ate breakfast, after which the day was devoted to the usual duties. After supper, which was served at 6 p.m. there was chess, cards and other amusements until bed-time.

The influence of the long darkness was most depressing, it was difficult to keep up a cheery tone, and of the ship's company, scarcely one was exempt from scurvy. Besides this, the long and dreary winter was exceptionally severe, the thermometer registering in January 49° and in February 68°. The return of the sunshine renewed their health and spirits.

In the spring Kane renewed his attempt to penetrate north by three expeditions. The first under his guidance explored along the base of a great glacier issuing from the coast of Greenland. The difficulties and dangers experienced by the party on this journey were so great that many of them became sick, and Kane himself was carried back to the brig, where he lay ill with typhoid fever for two months. Dr. Hayes at the head of a separate party explored the northern shores and was able to add two hundred miles of coast line to the chart. The journey made by Morton was a new era in the expedition. After traveling northward over a great area choked with bergs and frozen fields he made for what he thought was a cape as he saw a vacancy between it and the west land. On his reaching the opening he found it was a channel. Ascending the high cliffs above the cape he looked out upon a great waste of waters before him, from a height which commanded a view of forty miles and not a speck of ice was to be seen. This cheering news confirmed at the time all the arguments which Kane had used in the past in favor of an open polar sea. This was, however, the last achievement which the expedition could secure. The season of Arctic travel had now ended, and anxious thoughts were indulged in for the coming year. The party were ill-fitted for another Arctic winter, having neither health, fuel nor provisions. Yet the summer was wearing on and it seemed as if a second winter must overtake the ship before she could get half way through the pack even if warping to the south should begin at the earliest moment possible. An exploring journey to the south convinced Kane that they

could not escape in the boats, and after consideration he at length determined to make an effort to communicate with Belcher's party then in the vicinity of Wellington channel. After making several vain attempts to bore through the ice pack this plan had also to be abandoned. Kane now made preparations for spending another winter in the north. Many of the company, however, still believed that their only safety lay in deserting the ship and making for the south. Kane, while he believed that the only right way was to stay by the brig, did not consider that he had any right to detain them through the winter, and freely gave permission to any who should wish to make the attempt. Acting upon this, eight men under Dr. Hayes, separated from the rest and started upon the southward journey. Within a few days after leaving the brig the courage of some of the party commenced to wane, two of them returning to the ship. The remainder continued their journey in two boats. At a distance of three hundred miles from the ship they were blocked by the ice and obliged to build an Esquimaux hut in the crevice of a rock. For three months they lived here, almost without fire or light, subsisting upon such small supplies of walrus meat as they could procure from natives living fifty miles away. At times this supply failed them and they at last were driven by starvation to return to the vessel. The events which filled the remaining time of the expedition, the rest of the winter and the spring and the summer before their release, were of the most sombre character. When May came, preparations were made to leave the brig and trust to the boats and the floes in an attempt to reach the south. The party had three whale boats, twenty-four feet in length, and these were mounted on runners eighteen feet long. By the middle of June all of Kane's disabled men and some twelve hundred pounds of stores had been transported a journey in all of 1,100 miles. The Esquimaux had faithfully assisted the party throughout the whole of this heavy transport over the ice up to the

margin of the floe, on reaching which the boats were transported over eighty-one miles of unbroken ice. The party had walked three hundred and sixteen miles in thirty-one days. From that point the next ten miles were run in one day under sail, when they were again forced to make alternate movements over ice and water. They had perpetual daylight, but halted regularly at bedtime and for meals. On the 21st of July they reached Cape York, and after building here a cairn and depositing the records of the expedition they crossed Melville bay, and on August 6th, eighty-one days after leaving their ship, arrived at Upernavik on the Greenland coast. A few days later passage was taken on a Danish brig which promised to land them at the Shetland islands. But touching at Godhorn for a few days, they were upon the eve of setting out for Europe when a steamer was announced as approaching and as it drew near the stars and stripes were recognised. "The little flag which had visited both hemispheres was opened to the breeze ; and as Kane's party came alongside the *Release*, Captain Hartsene hailed a little man in a ragged flannel shirt, 'Is that Dr. Kane?' and with the 'Yes,' that followed, the rigging was manned and cheers welcomed them back to the social world of love." On the very day upon which the explorers had left the ship to commence their homeward march, Lieutenant Hartsene's relief expedition of forty officers and men had sailed from the Brooklyn navy yard pressing northward for the relief, while the disabled party were forcing their suffering way south.

In a scientific point of view Dr. Kane's expedition attained the most important results. The operations comprehended the survey and delineations of the north coast of Greenland to its termination by a great glacier; the survey of this glacial mass and its extension northward into a new land named Washington ; the discovery of a large channel to the northwest free from ice and leading into an open and expanding area equally free, the whole embracing an iceless

area of 4,200 miles, the discovery and delineation of a large tract of land forming the extension northward of the American continent and the completed survey of the American coast to the south and west as far as Cape Sabine.

While Lieutenant Hartsene was returning with the rescued party on board, the *Vincennes*, with John K. Rodges in command was returning from a cruise in Arctic seas on the other side of the continent. Sailing through Behring strait, the *Vincennes* reached Wrangell land, and spent some time in exploring the coast line. His expedition is considered to have obtained important results.

Dr. Hayes, who had accompanied the Kane expedition was a firm advocate of the open polar sea theory and had determined, even during the severe experiences of the expedition, to return himself at some future time and explore the northern seas. In the spring of 1860, five years after his return from the former expedition his plan was ready to be carried out. He proposed to sail through Smith sound, and besides making every effort to carry his explorations further toward the north pole, to also complete the survey of Greenland and Grinnel land, and carry forward investigations in different branches of science. On the former voyage he had traced Grinnel land beyond the 80th parallel and he now hoped to push a vessel into the ice belt there, and thence transport a boat over it into the open water of the great basin which he hoped to find beyond.

The expedition sailed July 7th, 1860, and had a favorable voyage until they reached Cape Alexander, at the entrance of Smith sound. Here the ice pack prevented their entering and they were obliged to harbor for the winter. This was a great disappointment to Hayes who had hoped to cross the sound and be ready to push northward at the beginning of the summer season. During the winter, however, he made a sledge expedition northward through Grinnel land to the point of 81° 33' latitude, and 70° 30' longitude. This was the most

northerly land ever reached, being forty miles beyond the point previously attained by Kane on the opposite shore. Standing upon a headland Hayes saw stretching before him a great sea which he was confident, though now covered with soft, broken ice, would be entirely open in the summer months. Having no boat, Hayes was obliged to turn back, and the schooner being unfitted for further explorations he returned to Boston with the determination, however, of making another voyage in the following year. He was confident that he could yet penetrate to the north pole. When he arrived in New York the civil war had broken out and the darling enterprise had to be abandoned. Previous to this, and within a few weeks of the departure of Dr. Hayes in 1860, Mr. C. F. Hall of Cincinnati, started alone upon a different scheme of Arctic exploration.

For years Hall had devoted himself to the study of the facts connected with the Franklin expedition, and it was his firm belief, based upon the evidences of the means of subsisting in the locality to which they had penetrated, that some of the one hundred and five men who were alive on April 5th, 1848, were still in existence. Captain Crozier's company had landed in a region inhabited by Esquimaux, and to Hall it seemed unreasonable that all of the company should have perished from starvation, as the natives must have been able to furnish some means of subsistence. He was certain that some of Franklin's party were living amongst the natives, and believed that efforts should be made to find any survivors, and bring them back. The story related by the Esquimaux who had seen Franklin's party could be but imperfectly understood by the former search parties on account of their ignorance of the language, and he believes that by going out and living patiently amongst them he could draw out the final clue to the fate of the ships, the men, and the records of the expedition. The public listened with interest to these arguments and heartily supported him in perfecting his plans. In 1860, all were

completed and Hall started upon his difficult enterprise. Landing upon the west coast of Davis strait Hall was busy making preparations to commence the westward journey when a storm came up and destroyed the boat in which he was to have proceeded. The expedition westward had to be abandoned, but Hall spent some time among the natives and found interesting traces of Frobisher's visit in 1616. On Bishop's island were found the ruins of a house which had been built of stone cemented with lime, every part of it being covered with old moss, many other traces were found showing the presence of the white men, and their search for gold so many centuries before. In a second expedition Hall succeeded in reaching King William's land where he spent five years among the Esquimaux, living as one of them, learning their language, and patiently persevering in efforts to obtain some knowledge of the remainder of Franklin's party whose bodies had not been discovered. Living in an igloo or snow hut into which were crowded a dozen or more natives at the same time, subsisting upon seal and walrus meat cooked in blood, or eaten raw with the skin and hair on, with no congenial companion to share the isolation and monotony of his life, the experiences of Hall were such as few men could have endured. His story resulted in proving the truth of the stories before told of Franklin's party having died of starvation, thus putting an end to all conjecture; but though he brought home many relics of the party which he had obtained from the natives he did not succeed in finding any records of the expedition. The Esquimaux had reported during his stay that cairns existed far to the westward, which had been built by Franklin's party, and which might contain letters or records. Hall failed in his efforts to reach these distant cairns, and contemplated returning to King William's land at some future time and making a more complete search. Returning home he at once set about planning an expedition to the north pole. After an anxious season of suspense he

succeeded in obtaining an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars from the government, and in April, 1871, sailed in a ship called the *Polaris* through Baffin's bay to the north. Sailing through Smith's sound the *Polaris* found herself in a higher latitude than had been ever attained before. As she proceeded immense ice fields were seen stretching across the expanse, and at last the ship was stopped by a compact line of ice spreading from shore to shore. They had met here an impassable barrier. By this time, however, they had reached $82^{\circ} 26'$ N. latitude, a height which has never since been attained. Unfortunately the ship now commenced to drift southward with the current, and a harbor was sought on the eastern shore. In this spot she was to spend many weary months. During the winter the hope was entertained that the summer would open a way to the north. But when summer came the sea was filling with immense floes, and the *Polaris* attempting to cut through to the north barely escaped being crushed by the ice. At length in September of the second year, Hall died, and the rest dreading another winter spent in inaction, with the ship disabled by the ice, got the *Polaris* out into the pack and commenced to float southward with the drift. On October 15th, at 7.30 p. m., the *Polaris* ran among icebergs which broke up the floe to which she was attached, and the pack closing up jammed her heavily. She was raised up bodily and thrown over on her side, her timbers cracked with a loud report, and both sides seemed to be breaking in. Amid the violence of the storm, the darkness of the night and the grinding of the ice, the provisions and stores were being got out on the floe, when cracks in the ice commenced to open and the ship's anchors becoming loosed, in a moment she was swiftly carried away from the floe and those upon it. The night was black and stormy, a few dark forms could be seen rushing hopelessly towards the ship, but in a few moments nothing of the floe or the men upon it could be seen through the drifting snow. A muster on

board the ship was answered by fourteen of the company. Nineteen had been left on the floe. As the *Polaris* swept on through the crowding icebergs, the engineer reported that the leakage was alarming in the extreme. The water was pouring in so rapidly that it was feared the fires would be put out before steam could be raised to work the pumps. All the boats had been left on the floe and their only hope of safety was to keep the *Polaris* afloat until they could reach the shore. With the aid of the pumps they were kept drifting for three or four days, when a breeze from the north-east broke up the ice, making lanes of water towards the shore, and the *Polaris* was brought safely to land. But what of the party on the floe? Whirled away in the darkness of the night, on the creaking and heaving ice, the feelings of the party may be easily imagined. Some were separated and carried away on pieces broken from the main floe, but were fortunately brought back again by the boats. During the following day they twice caught glimpses of the *Polaris* as she drifted away to the south, but though they made motions, and raised a flag in hope of being seen, they could not succeed in attracting attention. Efforts were made to reach the land, but these being unsuccessful, their only hope was the chance of drifting southward into open water where they might take the boats for a journey to the south. From this time their experience was one of extreme suffering. From the time when the ship drifted away in October until April of the following spring the men drifted on the floe, living upon the provisions which had been transported from the ship while they lasted and when they were gone eating the raw meat of seals and bears. By April 1st, the floe had become almost wasted away and they were compelled to take to the boats. After making from fifteen to twenty miles south in the pack, a landing on a floe was again made and a tent pitched. The next day a sudden alarm was given by the man on watch, and the next instant a heavy sea washed over the floe carrying away their tent, provisions and

clothing. The one object now was to save the boat upon which their lives depended. To do this the men took hold of both sides and held on with all their strength. Every moment a sea came threatening to sweep them from the floe yet they held on until the next morning when they landed on a small piece of ice. Cold, wet, without shelter and without food, it seemed that nothing could save them from death. Towards evening, one of the men succeeded in killing a bear upon which they subsisted for several days. At length, on the day of the 29th of April, a heavy fog settled down. Swept on by the current nothing could be seen by them a yard away. Early the next morning, as the fog commenced to lift, the man upon watch uttered a strange cry. Looking forward he saw a steamer making her way northward close to the floe. At the boat's signals her head was turned towards them and one hundred men on deck and aloft were returning the cheers made by the shipwrecked people.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 555.]

DURING the ensuing winter, he reduced the rest of the cities of Asia Minor, in which he experienced but little difficulty. The next spring found him at Gordian, where he remained for some time to recruit his troops. It was while here that he performed the feat of cutting the Gordian knot. There had been kept in the citadel, for ages, an ancient, rudely-made wagon, said to have belonged to Gordias and Midas, the primitive Phrygian kings. A legend ran that he who should untie the knot of the rope fastening the tongue of the wagon to the main part, should conquer Asia. Many ambitious military and political men had sought to unravel its intricacies in vain. The curiosity and superstition of Alexander were roused, and he went to see this ancient relic. Perceiving

at a glance that he could not untie the knot, yet believing himself to be the man alluded to in the legend, he drew his sword and cut it. This was generally accepted as a solution of the mystery, and he was looked upon almost as the monarch of Asia, before he had attempted to take the greater part of it.

While at Gordian he was visited by a deputation from Athens, asking for the release of the Athenian prisoners taken at the battle of the Granicus, who were working in the Macedonian mines. The request was refused. He did not wish to lose his hold upon the Greeks, and retained the prisoners as a pledge of their fidelity. He feared the Greeks might join with Memnon, who, since his defeat at Halikarnasus, had been cruising among the Ægean Isles for the purpose of carrying out his original plan of taking the war into Greece and Macedonia. Already he had subdued several of the islands, and was in the act of blockading the principal city of another, Leshos, when he was taken sick and died, and his nephew, Pharnabagus, took the command.

The death of Memnon was a great blow to the cause of Darius. He was really the greatest man in his service, in a military point of view; though it is doubtful whether Darius recognized him as such. The greatness of his loss to the Persians was better understood by Alexander than by the king, as he was a much better judge of military ability. This event caused a change of policy on the part of Darius. Instead of maintaining a defensive he resolved to assume an offensive attitude, and to confine his operations to the land. He gathered together a great host of men from every quarter of his kingdom. In numbers they far outshone those of Alexander, while in force and training they were vastly inferior. Darius, strong in his self-conceit, thought with his numerous host to utterly crush the invaders, with little trouble or exertion. He took no precautions to guard the mountain passes, and other good points of defence, but, relying solely upon numbers, took up his march toward the seashore, to

meet Alexander. He carried with him his wife and children, his mother, his harem, and his numerous servants with all the bulky and brilliant paraphernalia of an Oriental court, that they might add to the splendor of his appearance, and be witnesses of his expected triumph.

Meanwhile, Alexander, having been joined at Gordian by some 3,500 new troops from Macedonia, was on his way toward the Phœnician sea-coast. When he reached Tarsus, he was taken violently ill of a fever, and was obliged to halt for a long time. None of the physicians dared administer remedies for fear of being held responsible for what was expected would be a fatal result. At length, a physician named Philippus, promised to cure him with a purgative draught. While it was preparing, he received a letter from Parmenio, warning him not to take the medicine as the man intended poisoning him. He said nothing, but drank the medicine when brought to him, and immediately handed the letter to the physician to read. Narrowly watching him the while, it could be readily seen by the expression on the attendant's face that there was no truth in the accusation. Alexander was satisfied as to the fidelity of his physician. The remedy did its work as promised, and in a few days he was sufficiently recovered to renew his journey.

Passing through Issus, he left there some sick and wounded to be cared for, and pushed on toward the place where he expected to meet Darius. Two days later he learned that that monarch had changed his course, and was now in possession of Issus. He immediately retraced his steps and reached the narrow pass called the Gates of Kilikia, between Mount Amanus and the sea, at midnight. Here he rested until daybreak, when he advanced to meet Darius, who was encamped a short distance away, on the opposite bank of the river Pinarus.

Darius had left the bulk of his provisions and treasure at Damascus, but even with just his army present, the wisdom of taking up his

present position was very questionable. The country was hilly and broken, and did not give him an opportunity to handle his vast hosts to advantage. The result was that only a small portion of his forces could act at once, the rest remaining in the background as spectators.

The Macedonian force being smaller, and better trained were more easily handled. Having arranged his line of battle, Alexander waited a short time, thinking perhaps the Persians would take the initiative. As they did not move, he gave the order to advance. They crossed the river, and fell upon the left wing of the Persians, composed mostly of Asiatics of the Kardake tribe. Unprepared for the sudden attack, they scarcely resisted a moment, when they broke ranks, and fled in confusion, pursued by the right wing of the Macedonians. When Darius saw what was befalling that part of his army, small though it was compared to the whole, he was seized with a panic, and fled among the foremost, leaving the rest of his army and his family to take their chance. All who observed his flight followed his example. The right wing and central part of the army fought on bravely, not knowing that their leader had deserted them in so cowardly a manner. When at last it became known to them how matters stood, they too became panic stricken and fled, with the Macedonians in full pursuit. The slaughter of the fugitives was enormous, owing to their vast numbers and cramped position, as many were killed by being trampled upon as by the sword. The mother, sister, wife and three children of Darius were taken captive, while his chariot, shield and bow, with 3,000 talents in money, became the property of the victors. The slain amounted to over 100,000 men, many of them officers and nobles.

The royal captives were treated with great kindness and respect, and allowed to retain their titles and estate. They also received assurance of the safety of Darius, whom they supposed slain. The fugitives, 4,000 in number, rallied around Darius, and fled across

the Euphrates to Ecbotana. Others, mostly Greeks, numbering 8,000, under the command of the exiled Amyutas, reached the Phœnician coast at Tripolis. Here they embarked in the same ships that had brought them from Leshos, destroying the surplus that none might pursue, and crossed to Cyprus, going thence to Egypt. With these exceptions, the great army of Darius disappeared with the battle of Issus.

The decisive victory of which Darius had been so confident, had proved to be a signal defeat, probably on account of his poor judgment and cowardice. Alexander marched immediately to the Phœnician coast, but sent Parmesia to subdue Damascus. He did not find it a hard task, as they offered no resistance. Much treasure and many captives were taken, among them many members of the royal and other noble families, with their attendants. In his march through Phœnicia, the sea-coast cities submitted to him without a word of resistance; even the queen city, Sidon, sent envoys inviting his entrance. One after another, all had fallen into his hands except Tyre. While at Marathus, the most northern of these cities, Alexander received envoys and a letter from Darius, asking him to restore his family, and tendering friendship and alliance, as from one king to another; saying that the Macedonians had begun the wrong against Persia, and that he had acted merely in self-defense. In answer, Alexander said he was the appointed leader of the Greeks, to avenge the ancient invasion of Greece by Xerxes. He also accused him of being concerned in the assassination of his father. The following extracts from the letter is of interest as showing the character of Alexander, and his views regarding his usurpation of the empire of Darius: "Now, by the grace of the gods, I have been victorious, first over your satraps, next over yourself. I have taken care of all who submit to me, and made them satisfied with their lot. Come yourself to me also, as the master of all Asia. Come without fear of suffering harm; ask me, and you shall receive back

your mother and wife, and anything else which you please. When next you write to me, however, address me not as an equal, but as lord of all Asia and all that belongs to you; otherwise I shall deal with you as a wrongdoer. If you intend to contest the kingdom with me, stand and fight for it, and do not run away. I shall march forward against you wherever you may be."

From Sidon, Alexander marched against Tyre, now the only Phœnician town of importance not in his hands. On the way he was met by a committee of prominent men, bearing presents and supplies for his army, and a golden wreath of honor for himself. They declared themselves willing to do anything he wished. He replied that it was his desire to enter their city, and offer sacrifice at their temple to the god Herakles. The deputation returned to the city, and after due deliberation declined to comply with his desire. They intimated that he might offer his sacrifices at a temple outside the city. They had never admitted Persians into the city, and did not desire to admit Macedonians. The truth was that they feared he would enter with his whole army, and that a part of them would remain as a garrison, and thus have in their possession an almost impregnable fortress. In this case their rights as citizens would dwindle into nothingness. Accustomed as he had become to the most servile compliance with his lightest wish, this refusal incensed Alexander extremely. He resolved to be revenged, and to display his power by crushing this, the most ancient, wealthy and intelligent community of western Asia.

Tyre was situated on an island near the main land, and was surrounded by high, thick walls. Next the island the water was about eighteen feet deep, but was shallow near the main land. The city, therefore could only be taken by siege. Alexander began his operations by constructing a mole or highway about 200 feet broad, reaching from the main land to the island, half a mile from the shore. Thousands of laborers from the

neighboring territory were pressed into service. Stones were brought from Palætyrus, while wood was procured from the forests of Lebanon. The work was tedious and toilsome, owing to the Syrian triremes and boats, which having returned from the Ægean in defence of the city, constantly annoyed the workmen, and destroyed their work. Two great towers were placed on the front of the mole, for the protection of the workmen, from which projectiles were hurled at the annoyers. When the mole was almost finished, the Syrians sent out a fireship, filled with combustible material. The wind was blowing strongly, and when the ship drove up against the mole, the towers were set on fire, and the engines and much of the work thus destroyed, so that it had to be commenced anew. The new mole, constructed by Perdikkas and Kraterus, was larger and stronger, and capable of carrying more engines abreast. While this work was progressing, Alexander went to Sidon and gathered a fleet of 200 vessels, belonging mostly to the Phœnician coast cities now in his possession. He was also joined by a reinforcement of 3,000 Greeks.

The Tyrians were filled with consternation when they saw the approaching fleet. Alexander had hoped that they would come out and fight him on the sea, but as they did not, he blockaded the harbor on all sides, cutting off their ships so that they could no longer annoy the workers on the mole. The mole finished, engines, battering-rams, and movable towers were rolled up to the walls, and the work of assault began. The wall on the north would not yield, but Alexander succeeded in making a breach in the southern part. With two ships he assaulted the besieged at this point, causing the town to be menaced on all sides at the same time, in order to distract their attention and divide their forces.

The Tyrians fought bravely and stubbornly. When the walls were lost they barricaded the streets, but their efforts were in vain. Most of the men perished fighting in the streets. The 2,000 survivors were hanged by Alex-

ander on the shore. The women, children and slaves, to the number of 30,000, were sold to the slave merchants. The Macedonian loss was about 400 killed. About this time Darius sent a second proposal, offering the sum of 10,000 talents, with all of the territory west of the Euphrates, for the ransom of his family. He also proposed to give him his daughter in marriage. Alexander replied that his money and territory were already his; that he was offering him only a part instead of the whole; that if he wished to marry his daughter, he would do so, whether he gave his consent or not; and ended by telling Darius to come to him if he desired any act of friendship.

The Jews having submitted to him peaceably, Alexander was now master of Lydia, Syria, Phœnicia, and Palestine. He was not, however, satisfied to stop here. His object was to become master of all Asia, and with even the little acquaintance we have thus far made with his character, we can understand that he would not be one to give up his project half completed. Before confronting Darius in the heart of his empire, he desired to make himself master of the whole coast, in order to cut off any communication between Persia and the Greek states, of whose submission he seems not to have been at all assured. To accomplish this it became necessary to march against Egypt, that being the only avenue of communication not already in his possession. His fleet had retaken the Ægean islands, captured by Memnon, also the remnants of the Persian fleet, so that Darius was now without a navy.

On the way to Egypt, Alexander halted to besiege Gaza, the last town before entering the desert between Syria and Egypt. Gaza was situated upon a high artificial mound about two miles from the sea. High walls surrounded it, outside of which the sand was so soft and deep as to render the fortress unassailable. The garrison within was commanded by a black eunuch named Batis, noted for his bravery. He refused to submit to Alexander, who determined, though he

foresaw it would be a hard task, to add this new conquest to his laurels. The Herculean task of taking this city was accomplished only by building a mound all around the walls 250 feet high, and 1,240 feet broad, the materials being brought from a great distance. When at last the walls were battered down, every man died at his post, fighting bravely to the last.

Batis, the governor, was the only man left alive to be taken by the conquerors, and he was severely wounded. Alexander, himself, had been wounded while trying to scale the walls. Angry at this, and that the black man held out so long, and caused him so much trouble, Alexander performed a deed unworthy of himself, and his position of victor over a fallen foe. He caused brass rings to be put through the ankles of his brave captive, by which he was attached to the tail of a chariot driven by himself, and dragged at full speed through the streets of the captured city. In this cruel act it is discernible that he was following out the plan of life formed in his youth, to emulate the deeds of his ancestor, Achilles; the case of Batis being parallel with that of the Homeric hero in his treatment of the dead body of Hector.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A TERRIBLE CHRISTMAS.

WHILE my little friends are enjoying their Christmas dinner, their turkey, and plum pudding; while all about them is warmth, happiness and good cheer, I want to remind them that there is much sorrow and affliction in this world; many who are cold, hungry and desolate.

We often read a brief description in the daily papers of some accident or misfortune, say "How sad," and then forget all about it. Many of the details of such affairs are not related, and I often wonder in how many instances they are the result of direct or indirect disobedience to the wishes or counsel of

those who have the right to dictate and decide.

I have seldom heard of a serious accident happening to boys or girls who are in the line of their duty; once in a great while, perhaps, in which the little hero and heroine give up their lives for the sake of others; yet very rare indeed are such cases. In this Church boys and girls are especially cared for when obedient to the wishes and commands of their parents.

Poor Lars Petersen had a severe lesson once upon a time that never left his memory. He was the son of Danish parents who had come from their far away home in Denmark, to make a little means to buy a farm and stock in this great, big, free land of America.

They had settled near the Missouri river, and had just managed to get means enough to buy a small farm lying about a quarter of a mile from the river.

Eight years had they lived in America, the father toiling at odd jobs first, and after as a farm hand. The mother washed and scrubbed to help along, while all felt contented to live on bread and "clabber" that the precious dollars might go towards getting the long-coveted farm.

Six children helped to eat, drink and wear up the little income, but they were all welcome to what they had.

Lars Peter was a big, strapping fellow, able to do a man's work, although only sixteen. While Jargina, the eldest girl, was a great help to the hard-working mother.

Lars Peter was a pretty good boy. But he inherited the strong, obstinate will of both father and mother, and a few years of life in this free, wild-breeze-blowing country gave him a sort of reckless independence that boded ill for his future. It takes some severe knocks to teach some of the emigrants from those old countries where the iron heel of traditional monarchy has wedged them into a narrow groove of obedience, that freedom of action in America does not mean wild license or unbridled recklessness.

"Motter," said Lars Peter one day near



THE RESCUE OF IARS AND IARGINA.

Christmas time, "daer is going to be some parties over daer at Jones agross da rhiver on da day before Grismases; you tell fader dot me and Jargina are goin' over daer."

"Oh, Lars Peter, you vas vhiched poy to spheken your motter like some daht 'er vay. My heart some bhreak day come by unt by. Oh, Lars Peter, don't you know daht da rhiver vus ice fhroze and maybe you and Jargina vould dhrouned get. I vont let Jargina go withe."

"Bottehr, motter, how can we git dhrounden when the rhiver is froze den, vill you? Then I am going to take Jorgina withe."

The poor mother begged and entreated; got angry and commanded them to stay at home, but it was no use. Lars Peter knew his father was not expected home till the morning of Christmas, so he held to his purpose.

Pretty Jargina was in a constant flutter between her mother's strong determination that she should not go, and Lars Peter's command for her to accompany him; she wanted much to go, and I dare say her wishes helped her on the horse which Lars Peter saddled bright and early the day before Christmas.

The mother stood in tearful silence, and Lars Peter, still determined to have his own way, yet said with rough cheerfulness:

"Now, motter, you go in da house and don't chry any more. I am big enough and old enough to dake gare of Jargina and myself, so now good-by, motter."

All the little Petersens said "good-by" with great cheerfulness, for they were very much accustomed to this sort of thing, and, indeed, so far as able, indulged in it themselves.

The long, cold ride was not unpleasant to the two healthy, full-blooded youngsters, and the river was still frozen, although here and there were some pretty large cracks caused by the recent thaw. But the two got down and walked carefully across, then remounted and rode quickly on to Jones'.

Once there all disagreeable things were

soon forgotten in the gay company of the young farmers and the lassies, who passed the long day in games and romps. As soon as the candles were lighted a violin was brought out, the kitchen was cleared, and all hands joined in a stamping, swinging, shouting, flying sort of exercise which was termed by the participants "dancing."

The hours flew by until eleven o'clock, when the last waltz was called and the party dispersed.

Once outside the door, Lars Peter saw it was raining, and apparently had been doing so for several hours. However, he was a headstrong boy, and paid little or no attention to the warning remarks of his companions or the evident foreboding of his sister.

They soon were on their trusty horse, and accepting the lantern which young Jones had insisted on lending him, rode off down the road in the darkness and rain.

"What a funny Grismases dis is. Usually we have some snows and ice and dem dings. It has been getting wharmer and wharmer lately. Oh well, we once get over home, and we will stay daher as long as even motter want us."

Poor Jargina said nothing, for the excitement of the party having left her, she felt more uneasy than she cared to express.

A quarter of an hour's ride brought them to the edge of the river; they both jumped off, and Lars Peter took the lantern to reconnoiter.

"Oh, Lars Peter, I wish I was home. Let us go back to Jones'. Come on."

"Oh, da dickens, yust like a girl. Come on, don't be a fuel, you know how Jones' would laugh to see us back, come on den."

Lars searched out as solid a looking crossing as he could find and started across, the halter of the horse around his arm, while he led his trembling sister.

About a third of the way over, the horse became frightened at something and began plunging; Lars jerked his head, in true Danish fashion when dealing with horse-flesh, and growled and swore to no purpose. The horse

reared and plunged till he jerked the halter out of Lars' hand. Even as he did so, an ominous crack in the ice beneath them warned them of their danger. Too late! As the horse sprang away, Lars jerked his sister back, and as his lantern dropped from his arm it fell into a huge, ugly crack which opened at their feet.

Lars reached for it, but a scream from his sister and a jerk from behind pulled him out of what would have been certain death.

The darkness about them was intense, and seemed impenetrable now that their lantern had gone. After a few minutes had allowed Lars to recover from his fright, he began to walk slowly and cautiously ahead. A few steps, and a crack, a snap, and he would draw back in sheer despair.

It was not long before he allowed even audibly that their situation was perilous in the extreme.

Standing there close together in the dark and rain, many thoughts passed through their minds, but they said little.

"Hark! Lars Peter, what is that?"

A plunge, a long neigh and then the pouring rain, the crash of the breaking ice went on as before.

"It is da poor old horse, Jargina, he is gone now."

Even if either of them were swimmers it would avail them little in the darkness, for they could see nothing, only the dull, white, faint gleam of the ice about them and near where they stood, a dark streak which they knew was the cold, silent, cruel river.

Suddenly a loud crack, and they felt themselves floating as it were, and they knew the piece on which they stood was broken away, and was slowly moving down stream.

"Jargina, we'd better lie down, don't you dink so, as we can, perhaps, be some safe dat way?"

She complied by cautiously slipping down, and stretching out her whole length on the ice.

"Say, Lars Peter," said Jargina, who could talk English much plainer than her brother,

and who was withal a sensible girl without a grain of sentimentalism or, indeed, very little imagination, "if we can be all right till morning maybe mother and father will be out looking for us."

"No, sir," answered her brother, sadly, "dey will dink we stayed over night at Jones', and wont come out to see us till in de afternoon tomorrown. Don't you see we are floating down da rhiver right now?"

She could not see it, but she felt the block of ice slowly moving, and knew as well as he the fate in store for them.

"Jargina," said Lars Peter, sadly, and so gently, "mother didn't want us to come."

"No," answered she.

A long pause ensued. If my two Danish friends had been at all like the novel-reading young American, they would, perhaps, have suffered more from excited imagination than from their actual circumstances. As it was, they awaited their fast coming fate with a dull, heavy agony gnawing at the heart.

"Pretty soon, when it is light, and get wharmer, dis little piece of ice will crack into, and den, Jargina, we go down," said Lars after a long silence.

"Yes," again quietly answered the girl.

"We are going to die, and I vish we had done yust what motter wanted us to do ehevery day."

"Oh, Lars Peter, how wicked we were to disobey mother. I will never, never do it again, no matter how big I get."

"You won't have anodher jance," answered Lars, gloomily.

The girl began to cry and shiver as his words struck against her young heart like the first shovelful of earth on the coffin lid.

"Are you gold? Grawl here gloser and I will put my arm 'round you."

Together they both cried and shivered, and as their piece of ice would crash up against some heavy flocs, faint words of prayer rose to their lips in a broken, disjointed fashion; then Lars said in a half whisper:

"Jargina, pray dat leddle prayer motter

prays sometimes mit da chilhrens. Don't you rhemember?"

"Now I lay me down to sleep," whispered the sobbing, shivering girl, "I pray the Lord my soul to keep, if I die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take."

There they lay shivering in the cold, driving rain, floating on the ice down the river, floating, floating.

The first faint streaks of dawn were eagerly watched for, and as it grew light enough for them to see about them, they knew they must be far from home, for they could not recognize the shores on either side of them.

But as the late morning came to its full, dull light—sunshine there could be none in that driving rain—their few faint hopes died away; for the blocks of ice were so far apart they were cut off from every hope of reaching the shore.

A full hour after daylight passed quietly away, the poor, half-frozen creatures were too near dead to have much care.

Suddenly, away off in the distance, a faint "hello," or what sounded like it, made both start up.

"Lars Peter, holler! Why did we not think of that? Holler again, try a little louder."

His hoarse voice bellowed out a roaring hello that made itself heard even in the distant woods.

In all his life he will never forget the strong trembling thrill that shook him from head to foot, as he heard close to them in the nearest woods a joyful neigh, and just then saw his father emerging from the little grove of trees.

They shouted and laughed, and the father on shore likewise shouted and waved his hands wildly about.

"Oh look, Lars Peter, there's the poor old horse swimming towards us. He is coming to save us," said Jarguna, her tears raining down and mingling with the rain-drops that poured down her dress from the still weeping heavens.

It was even so. The animal had swam

ashore, trotted home, and his wet, empty saddle gave a slight clue to what had really happened. A rescuing party was hurriedly hunted up by the neighboring farmers, but they left the old tired horse at home. As soon as the father reached the house and learned from his wife what had happened, he mounted the nag, gave her her own head, and in a short time she turned off the road and plunged down through the brush and trees lining the river's bank.

That Christmas day was one of rejoicing and gladness to that humble little home, but it was also a severe lesson to both the voyagers. Sometimes when a younger brother was inclined to be headstrong and disobey his mother's wishes, Lars Peter would take him on his knee and tell him in grave words the story of his own Terrible Christmas.

Homespun.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,

And wild and sweet

The words repeat

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom

Had rolled along

The unbroken song

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till ringing, singing on its way,

The world revolved from night to day,

A voice, a chime,

A chant sublime,

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

But in despair I bowed my head—

"There is no peace on earth," I said,

"For hate is strong,

And mocks the song

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep

"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep!

The wrong shall fail,

The night prevail,

With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Henry W. Longfellow.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 15, 1889.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

The Control of the Temper.



HE children of the Latter-day Saints should be taught to control their tempers. If any are disposed to be hasty and passionate, or petulant or morose or sulky, they should be taught, early in life, that such a disposition should be checked and controlled and should never be indulged in. The value of self-control should be constantly impressed upon young people who are inclined to fits of sudden anger; for if this habit be not acquired in early life, the task of subduing the temper latter on is quite difficult.

A bad temper is frequently a cause of much sorrow to the one who possesses it, especially if such a one has a desire to do right. Under its influence many things are said and done for which there has to be much repentance and many acknowledgments or expressions of regret. This to a person of fine feelings is a cause of humiliation and pain.

Words spoken or acts done under the influence of hasty anger are frequently cutting and severe and cause much suffering. All who have had any experience in life know how true this is. In fact, sensitive people of experience shun persons of bad temper. They do not like to expose themselves to the unpleasantness which arises from such an infirmity. In social and domestic intercourse and in business affairs, therefore, they have as little to do as possible with people of this unhappy disposition.

An irritable, hasty temper on the part of a husband or a wife makes a home, that otherwise might be of happiness and delight, a place dreaded by children and others compelled to feel its effects. In old times, in

England and her colonies, a bad-tempered woman was viewed as such a nuisance that a ducking-stool was provided for her punishment. This stool was fastened to the end of a long pole, something like the poles we sometimes see in our settlements to which buckets are fastened to hoist water out of wells, and in this the scold was tied and then ducked. But bad-tempered men deserve, if anything, more severe punishment than scolding women, for they think themselves stronger than woman and should be better able to control themselves.

While hasty-tempered, irritable people make themselves disagreeable as husbands, wives, children, and associates, on the other hand pleasant-tempered, amiable persons, other things being equal, are delightful companions. They possess patience and self-control and carry sunshine with them wherever they go. Gladness and peace attend them, and their presence, in the capacity of husband or wife, child or friend, is a perpetual comfort. How different the companionship of such persons to that of the other class, who may have an outbreak of temper and anger at any unexpected moment and from the most trifling cause!

The value of good-temper can scarcely be over-estimated. It is beyond price. The greatest care should, therefore, be taken to teach children to cultivate it. An irritable disposition, a quick, hasty temper can be corrected and checked. Some people pride themselves upon speaking out what they think, no matter how angry or unreasonable they may be. Strange to say, they think this a merit, and they frequently take credit for it by remarking, "I am no hypocrite; I speak out what I think." Just as if every angry thought, and every suggestion of the devil which comes into the human mind, were important truths that must be uttered and which it would be hypocrisy to suppress or conceal!

Where persons take this view, and they are irritable and bad-tempered, there is but little prospect of their improvement. They admire themselves too much in contrast with others to expect it. For men and women to improve

they must perceive a necessity for it—they must be conscious of the faults to be corrected. How can a man repent of a sin if he does not think himself a sinner? How can he correct a weakness or a fault in his temper or disposition when he thinks himself already perfect on that point?

Now, there is a very wide distinction between controlling one's temper and holding one's tongue and hypocrisy. To claim credit for speaking the truth and telling one's mind when one speaks improper or under the influence of passion, is nothing but folly. Is it necessary, to escape the imputation of being a hypocrite, that a person should communicate every hasty and ill-considered thought, every gust of passion which like the wind upon the face of a lake, may disturb the surface of the mind?

Children should be taught better than this. They should be taught that it is their duty to control their thoughts, their words and their tongues, and not pour-out of their mouths ever thing which the devil or their own bad tempers may suggest to them. They should be taught to make it their constant effort to suppress and conceal every evil thought that may arise within them—to control their tempers, to keep down their anger and conquer every inclination to be irritable. In this way they can become brave and true and no brave and true person is a hypocrite; for when it is necessary to speak plainly and tell unpleasant truths such persons will do so without anger and not under the influence of rage. Their words will have weight, because they will be spoken calmly and after they have been well-considered. It is the angry, passionate people who are most likely to be open to the charge of hypocrisy, for they frequently say things which are not true or which they do not mean, or which, if true, they take advantage of in a fit of anger to speak out.

Is it possible to conquer a bad temper? We will answer this by relating an incident that came to our knowledge.

A little girl, who is one of a family of

several children, had a temper which made her disagreeable to her brothers and sisters and gave her mother pain. She was fretful impatient and peevish. If any of the children displeased her, she was inclined to give them a push or a slap. The father saw the weakness of his daughter, and he took her by herself and had a serious talk with her. He pointed out the many evils which would follow the indulgence in such a disposition. He told her how she could correct it, and encouraged her to seek unto the Lord for help. The little girl loved her father; his words reached her heart; she saw her faults and desired to correct them. She took her father's advice and prayed to the Lord for help. The change in her character was soon perceived. She gradually overcame her faults. She is now a grown-up woman. Instead of being disliked by her brothers and sisters, she now has their love because of her kindness and amiable disposition. She knows that by the help of the Lord she has been able to conquer her irritable nature, and she has proved herself that He is a God who hears and answers prayer.

The Lord will hear and answer and help us all in every endeavor we make to overcome our weaknesses, if we ask Him in faith. We hope all our JUVENILES will try it.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

“HUBBY, dear, I can't wait to tell you what I'm going to buy you for Christmas!”

“Darling wife, what is it?”

“Well, I'm going to get you a silver card tray and a bronze Hercules for the mantle and a lovely Russian table rug to lay in front of my dressing case. What are you going to get for me, Tootsy?”

“I've been thinking, Jane, and have about concluded to get you a new shaving brush.”

FOURNESS of fame is avarice of air.

PRIZE CHRISTMAS STORY NO. 1.

LEFT ALONE.

A True Christmas Story.

IN THE southern part of Utah, in a quiet nook of the mountains, there nestles a little town, which we will call Preston. It is indeed a lovely spot; and as we ascend the foot-hills what a beautiful sight we behold! Green fields and meadows, as far as the eye can see. The sparkling river at the foot of the town, slowly winding its way northward. Humble homes surrounded by shade trees, orchards and gardens. No drinking saloons, hotels or houses where the wicked revel. All is so peaceful and quiet, surely it is a fit place for Saints to dwell and worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. But among the many quiet and peaceful homes, there is one close to the mountains which interests us more than the rest. Its appearance is not very striking, it being a plain log cabin. Young shade and fruit trees, rose bushes with a small flower garden in front complete its surroundings.

On this particular spring morning, when our story begins, there is an unusual stillness pervading the place. Children are quietly playing in the front yard, though their voices seem hushed and they do not play with that joy and noisiness usual to children. A young girl is cleaning up the best and only room besides the kitchen, and as she comes to the door and looks down the street, she also wears a sober look. A middle-aged woman is preparing the noon meal and every now and again steps into the room, thoughtfully placing an article of clothing in a large satchel.

But why those subdued movements? The reason is told in these few words, "Papa is going on a mission, away across the ocean to stay two or perhaps more long years." Yes; long it seems to the inmates of that humble home.

At last all is ready and Mrs. Raymond (for so we will call her) steps into the room,

wearily seats herself in the large rocking chair and feels she has now time to rest. How busy they have all been in the last few weeks, and this morning there was so much to receive attention, too. How cool and pleasant the little parlor seems! Could it be possible, though Mrs. Raymond, for those who live in more gorgeous dwellings to enjoy greater comfort than she?

"Mamma you look tired," said the daughter, as she stepped from the door, where she again had looked down the street as if awaiting someone's coming.

"Yes, Laura, I do feel weary after the hurry and bustle is over. Your father has gone to bid some of our neighbors good-bye before he leaves. Dinner is ready, so I thought I could rest a few minutes. Our little room looks so cheerful I feel rested already. Those beautiful flowers, how sweet they look, I am pleased you thought of them," spoke mamma.

"The children gathered some from the hills this morning, and I picked the green leaves from the garden," answered Laura. "I thought it would please papa, for he loves flowers so much. When traveling far away and he thinks of our mountain home, it will seem a pleasant spot to which he can return. But why is he away so long? I have looked for him often this morning. I fear he will be in such a hurry he will not notice them."

"That is right my child," said Mrs. Raymond, "and papa will see them! It is always best in our journey through life to make the rough places smooth and cause things to appear as cheerful as we can. The thought is worthy an older head than yours," for Laura was but thirteen years old.

"Yes, mamma, I know what you say is true, but I have been thinking this morning how it was possible for you to appear so cheerful when papa is going so far away, and you will be left to take care of the little ones, for Johnny and I are not able to help you much, Johnny is but eleven and I thirteen. We have but little besides our bread, and your health not very good," answered Laura.

"My dear child, to look at it with a natural eye our prospects do seem gloomy, but not so with the eye of faith. And now let us consider a little from the latter point. Does not our Savior when talking to His disciples often remind us of the great care our Heavenly Father bestows upon us? You are familiar I know with the passages of scripture, 'Consider the lillies of the valley they spin not,' etc., and also 'not a hair of our head falls to the ground unnoticed; and you remember the words of that beautiful hymn we sometimes sing, 'How firm a foundation,' the lines of the last verse of which are,

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I cannot desert to his foes."

Then will He not care for His children who are giving their time to His work? I have not the least doubt of His promises. Our Father's work must be done before all is consummated, which the prophets predicted. And thank God we are counted worthy to assist just a little," fervently exclaimed that faithful mother.

"Well, mamma, you are right I have no doubt; while perhaps I cannot understand it just as you do, still I have confidence in your words," softly spoke Laura. "But you surely must have some plans besides faith alone."

"Yes, Laura! we must always put faith and works together, and I don't mind telling my daughter our plans; perhaps it may benefit you in after years," answered Mrs. Raymond. "You know we have a good cow, two pigs, this house and lot, with bread enough to last until your father returns. Our garden will raise all the vegetables we need, provided we cultivate, and I think Johnny is already interested in gardening, for he is now busy planting the seeds papa showed him how. Now with chickens, a good garden, milk, bread and meat, we have nothing to fear. Health, strength and the other necessary blessings our Father will provide, if we work and trust in Him. When papa was called on this mission we all wondered how he could obtain the necessary means to go. Through God's blessing and the kindness of our

brethren and sisters, he can go quite comfortable. Much has been accomplished through faith and prayer in the past, and much can be done in the future. Then, my child, let us not complain, for your father was not compelled to go; he had his own choice. But knowing that God would watch over us, he willingly accepted the chance to gain further knowledge and experience of the glorious principles of the gospel. Now, Laura, we will see when this mission is ended if we will not be blessed. But here comes papa, I hear the gate click."

O, what a beautiful lesson of faith was implanted in the heart of that young girl in the few moments' conversation! In this way mothers can sow the seed of good even in the busiest time of life.

A hurried step is heard on the walk; in the doorway appears a pleasant, medium-sized, heavy-whiskered man of forty years. Four little ones clasp his hands simultaneously as he struggles to enter, for they know he will soon leave them.

"Well, Mary," he said, addressing his wife, as he released one hand to look at his watch, "it is half-past twelve. The bishop will be here in an hour to take me to the next settlement, when I will meet the other brethren who travel with me; so if dinner is ready we will dine and then we must say good-bye for a while." He looked around the room, and Laura noticed his eyes rested approvingly on the bouquet of flowers placed upon the center table.

"Dinner is ready, spoke his wife. Freddy go call Johnny." The food being placed upon the table, they were soon seated around that humble board. Johnny came in wiping the perspiration from his brow. As he washed his face and hands he seemed to wear quite a manly air, and feeling, no doubt, the great responsibility of being the eldest boy who had to help mamma. Papa asked him to return thanks, and the meal was eaten almost in silence. Johnny was given a few instructions how to best manage his work. "Be sure," said papa, "and try to raise a

good garden, for with God's blessing, my son, it will be a great help to mamma in providing for you all; but I know, by past obedience, our boy will do the best he can. Laura will also do all she can. Trust in our Heavenly Father and all will be well."

The meal over, they withdrew again to the best room. How pleasant his home seemed to him now that he was about to leave it. The children gathered close around him as they listened to a few words of encouragement given to them and his faithful wife, who tried to appear cheerful, yet the pale face told there was a struggle within. Soon they hear the rumbling sounds of a wagon, and they know he must go. The wagon stops, but the Bishop does not enter as he has no desire to witness the parting scene.

The father rises from his chair, stifling sobs burst from the children. He places his hands upon the head of thoughtful Laura, and blesses her with a father's blessing. He asks God to preserve her in health and strength, protect her from all harm, keep her in the paths of virtue, with a desire to do good. Implants a kiss upon her lips with a "God bless you." Next the eldest boy, good, honest and faithful Johnny, how he fervently implores God to keep his boy from evil, that he may prove a blessing to his mother, be wise in his management, and also have health.

So he blesses each child in his turn, invoking a heartfelt blessing. Even the six months old baby, who has not yet awakened from his morning nap, but sleeps peacefully in the little cradle, is not forgotten. He gently raises him in his arms, blesses him that he may live until he returns. As he gently places him back, tears drop upon his little face, for papa found great comfort in the sweet baby boy. And last comes his dear wife, who must now be both father and mother in his absence. O how he implores God to grant unto her health, strength and wisdom, that she might perform her part, and prayed God to bless her with the comforts of life! Tears that had been kept back now flowed freely down her pale cheeks. She

feels those strong arms clasp her to his manly breast; well she knows they will not support her for some time, she must now trust to a higher source for comfort and support. One long, lingering kiss upon her brow, one fervent clasp to his heart, a good-by and "God bless you all," and he seizes his satchel and is gone. Now she can and must weep for the fountain of tears will sooth her aching heart. She sinks into her chair and sobs aloud. The children gather around her saying, "Mamma, oh mamma! don't cry; we will help you and be good."

As soon as she can speak she answers, "No, mamma won't cry; we will try and be cheerful, for God is more pleased with us when we accept our trials without murmuring."

Just at this moment two neighboring sisters silently entered. "Excuse our intrusion, Sister Raymond, we thought we would come in a few minutes and speak a comforting word if we can, for we know, by experience, what it is to part with those we love, if it is only for a short time," spoke the eldest, who was known by the children as Grandma Robinson.

"Thank you, my sisters; no intrusion whatever; be seated, we feel somewhat calmer now," said Mrs. Raymond.

Then followed a quiet conversation on the blessings attending sacrifice; on the joy which was felt in assisting our Heavenly Father in the great Latter-day work. O what a sweet spirit prevades that lowly cabin! Even the little ones partake of its influence as they draw close to mamma and listen eagerly to the inspirational words of these kind friends. But only those who are full of faith, and who have implicit confidence in the God they worship, can realize that even in the midst of sorrow the great comfort which flows from His presence unto His earthly children, that inexpressible joy words cannot tell nor pen describe.

"But we must go," said the younger sister. "Be comforted, Sister Raymond." Turning to the older children she said, "Help ma all you can. We will come and see you again."

"Do so," answered Mrs. Raymond; "your visits will always be refreshing to us."

"And now, children, it is yet early in the afternoon. We have much to do, and I know of no better way to drive dull care away than by labor," smilingly spoke the mother. "Johnny can finish his planting, Laura may wash up the dishes, Freddy will amuse baby, (who had now awakened unconscious of what had transpired) and I will attend to the childrens' clothes, which have been somewhat neglected in the past few weeks. Laura will sing and play for us this evening."

Soon the little ones were at play, the older ones at work, and Mrs. Raymond stitching away, planning how she might manage to get a little means for the necessary comforts. Her husband had left her three dollars, but she owed that much in the village store, which she would pay in order that they might be free from all incumbrance.

Of course missionaries' wives were expected to make their wants known to the Ward teachers, who visited all the families once a month. But Mrs. Raymond thought if she was blessed with health, she would rather strive to sustain their family by her own exertions, for she had faith in her Heavenly Father, and knew He would aid her. Suddenly her eyes fell upon some beautiful fancy work framed and hung upon the wall, which she had worked in her younger days. Why could she not teach the young girls of the settlement fancy work? A proper understanding how to blend the different colors was very refining, and it would also teach them to beautify their homes. And yet fancy work had not helped her much in this new country, she thought, for she had to learn how to do the more necessary plain sewing after they had emigrated to Utah. Still it made home enjoyable, and their log cabin more pleasant and cheerful. She finally concluded to try, and just then she noticed how quickly time had passed and it was nearly sundown. She, therefore, hastily laid away her work to attend to baby, and assist in the evening chores.

The simple meal of bread and milk was thankfully eaten after the chores were done, and then the children asked Laura to play. The young girl seated herself at the old-fashioned organ, which was a fond relic, and had been brought across the plains in an ox team. Though old it had not lost its clear tone. Laura was a sweet singer, and mamma and the little ones so loved to hear her.

"E'en though a cross it be, nearer my God to Thee," was wafted sweetly on the evening breezes, and the little group felt comforted. Evening prayers were said, the family retired to rest, feeling secure in the consciousness of having asked God to watch over them that night, and also bless the absent one.

The days passed quietly for there was much to do. But Mrs. Raymond had not forgotten the thought which suggested itself to her the first afternoon of her husband's departure. As soon as an opportunity presented, she spoke to the young girls in regard to a fancy work school, wishing to know if they desired to learn.

"O yes, Mrs. Raymond, we would so much like to have you teach us, but thought it impossible for you to do so with your many household duties."

It was arranged that she would start in one month, if eight or ten scholars could be obtained.

At the time appointed, a happy group of young girls were plying the needle, selecting and arranging the beautiful shades of zephyr. Many an afternoon they could be heard singing, and conversing upon the principles of the gospel. Sometimes Mrs. Raymond would tell them incidents of her young life and home, or one of fiction drawn from her own imagination, and when finished would impress upon their minds the folly of light novel reading, storing the mind with the imagination of another's brain. If such works were read they should be of a high standard, and selected by parents. Those young girls are now mothers. Some in after years confessed to having lost their taste for light novel reading, through the impressions made in that

pleasant school. And thus we sow the seed either for good or evil.

The summer months glided swiftly by. The husband, too, felt happy in the work of God. Many were accepting the truth, and he was receiving great benefit in gaining a further knowledge of the pure principles of the gospel. Although Mrs. Raymond sometimes felt her trials heavy, she thought it not wise to complain to her husband who could not visit her, it would only cause him to feel downcast. She realized God was her friend and comforter, and to Him she went and found His promise true when He said, "Cast your burdens upon me."

An incident happened during the summer which caused them some sorrow and trouble. An epidemic of sore eyes passed through the settlements. Mrs. Raymond with all her family were stricken, even to the babe. The school had to be closed for a time, and they were forced to confine themselves to a dark room for their eyes were very painful. The little ones would scream with pain. It was indeed a sore time for the patient mother, who could accomplish nothing until after sundown, when they would do what they could. The neighbors were also very kind, and would assist them. Afterwards, when writing to the absent one, they simply said, "we have all had sore eyes, but they were only sore a week."

Fall was now rapidly approaching; they had done very well, but still Mrs. Raymond had not sufficient means to make the children comfortable for winter.

"Mamma," said Laura one day, "perhaps it would be better if I could get a place to work for a while. I heard Sister Rolins wanted a girl to assist her, she is so busy with her fall sewing; I could then earn my own clothes for winter."

Mrs. Raymond thought a moment and said, "Well, Laura, perhaps it would be as well. Sister Rolins is a kind, good woman. You are not very strong, but their family is small, and honest labor is no disgrace."

When Laura had gone they missed her

very much. The organ was now silent and the house seemed so quiet. But mamma assured them she would not be gone long, and maybe she would not have to go again. The little garden did not produce as much as expected, the summer had been very windy and the season dry. Still there were enough vegetables for the family, and that was pretty good. So thought Mrs. Raymond as one evening she walked into the garden where Johnny was busy storing away beets, etc. He rested a moment as his mother came up, and said, "Mamma, shall we pay a vegetable tithing this year as we did when papa was home?" No doubt Johnny thought his papa was devoting all his time to the work of God, and it was unnecessary to pay tithes this year.

"Why yes, my child," answered his mother. "do we not want a greater blessing this year? Our Heavenly Father does not particularly need a tenth of our earthly means. Does not the earth and the fullness belong to Him? But it is a law unto His people that they should pay a tenth of all they possess. And inasmuch as we keep His laws, then will His blessings follow. We have not much, but we will pay a tenth, and let it not be the poorest, but the best, for God loves to see us have implicit confidence in Him. The greater the sacrifice, the greater the blessing. Some evening I will relate to you how we and others have been blessed through tithe paying, but it must be done in the true spirit of that grand principle."

Johnny felt satisfied, and no boy was prouder than he when depositing his tithing at the Bishop's, saying, "There, Bishop, is our garden tithing."

"God bless you, my boy," said the Bishop, "you shall find joy in serving your Heavenly Father."

The much-dreaded winter was now here; Mrs. Raymond had often thought of the long evenings and dreary days of winter, and how lonely she would be. One night as she sat by the open fire-place watching the pine

sticks burning brightly, the children had all gone to bed, her thoughts wandered far across the sea to the absent one. Was he comfortable this cold night? In her heart she murmured a prayer for his welfare. Her thoughts then turned to her family care. How would they fare during the winter? The young men of the village had united and kindly hauled their winter's wood, and on Johnny's birthday she had arranged a party for him and the boys had cut the wood. They had killed their hogs. The children were fairly well supplied with clothes, but there was one thought which caused her some anxiety. Christmas would soon be here and what about Santa Claus? She had no more money left. She had worked Johnny a pair slippers, and the kind neighboring shoemaker had soled them for a trifle. There was also a pretty pin cushion for Laura, but for the other little ones, and also the Christmas dinner she had nothing.

Before she sought rest that night, however, she importuned her Father in Heaven if it was really necessary that they should have those things, that He would again bless them.

A few days after this Freddy and Carrie came rushing in, all out of breath, exclaiming, "Say, mamma, won't Santa Claus come this year?"

"Yes, I think so, my darlings; but why do you ask?"

"'Cause Johnny said he was too poor when papa wasn't home."

"We will see," said mamma, "And when Freddy says his prayers tonight he must ask God about it."

"But suppose he should come, what would my pets like him to bring?"

"Oh! a drum," cried Freddy.

"A wax doll," said Carrie, "and a horse for baby," who stood quietly by, scarcely understanding what it all meant.

"Oh, how I would like a drum," again said Freddy. "Santa will bring one, won't he mamma? You know when the martial band came for us and took us to that nice supper

just before papa went away. Well, ever since I wished I had a drum. I know I could play."

"Yes he can," eagerly spoke Carrie, and Mrs. Raymond remembered seeing the children marching after him as he beat time on an old tin pan.

How her mother's heart ached to gratify her children. Was it possible that she must disappoint them, for as yet she had no means and it was but two days before Christmas. Tears filled her eyes as she listened to their innocent prattle. She tried to smile as she said, "Mamma don't know if Santa is rich enough this year to buy drum, doll and all, but he will surely bring something. Run and play now. Don't forget what mamma told you to do, and I guess he will come," and away they scampered.

That night as they were gathered around mamma's knee, Freddy suddenly finished with, "O Lord, please let Santa fetch me a big drum," "and me a dolly," echoed Carrie. O how trusting and simple was the faith of those little ones! Such would be ours did we understand that noble principle, "unless you become as little children," etc., so spoke our Savior.

Next morning Mrs. Raymond was very busy preparing what she could for Christmas, when there was a quick rap heard at the front door. To the pleasant "come in," the Bishop entered, and after a kindly enquiry in regard to their welfare, said, "Mrs. Raymond, here is five dollars, if you will accept it. We thought you would, perhaps, like a little Christmas for the children."

"Thank you, Bishop, this is indeed a surprise," cheerfully spoke Mrs. Raymond, whose heart was too full to express her gratitude. Promising to call again he hurried away, no doubt to make others happy.

That afternoon Mrs. Raymond and Laura (who had again returned) went to the village store, and sure enough they had just received some nice large drums. There was one Laura thought would do exactly; but mamma thought it rather high, though only \$1 25.

But finally through Laura's coaxing drum, doll, horse and rattle were purchased, with candies and a few things for Christmas dinner. The children thought mamma looked so happy on that Christmas eve, as they gathered around the warm fire and she told them of Christmas long ago; and when Mrs. Raymond kissed them good night she said, "I know the Lord has answered Freddy's prayer, and Santa Claus will come tonight."

It was arranged that Johnny should rise first and build a fire, while Laura would assist the little ones to dress.

Freddy was the first to awaken, "Mamma! mamma," he cried, "may we get up?"

"Wait just a little; Johnny will soon be up and kindle the fire."

It was not long before they were all ready, when Laura opened the kitchen door and away they scampered with shouts of joy, for Santa had brought everything they wanted. In walked Freddy beating his drum, Carrie following with her doll, and Leo dragging his horse. Candies and nuts were not thought of, as around the room they marched. Baby was awakened by the noise, when he also received his rattle. Such joyous music certainly never was heard before. Laura and Johnny never thought of themselves in the delight they felt for the younger ones.

As soon as mamma could be heard she said to them, "Perhaps Santa has also brought something for you, go and see."

Yes, there were the warm slippers and pretty pin cushion. Well they knew who had made them, as they warmly imprinted a kiss upon mamma's cheek. Laura went to her box, brought from it a parcel which she handed her mother saying, "Here, mamma, is also a Christmas present for you."

Mrs. Raymond opened the parcel, a warm, hand-knit shoulder shawl fell upon her lap. Laura had bought the yarn and knit it herself. Tears of joy and gratitude trickled down the mother's cheeks as she said, "God bless you, my child, our prayers have truly been answered."

Johnny had put on his slippers and was

dancing around the room," Oh! mamma, won't you and Laura come with me to the dance tonight? We'll have a jolly time; widow Jones will stay with the children."

"Perhaps we would be pleased to go," smilingly said mamma. They were still seated around the breakfast table, chatting when a knock was heard; as Laura opened the door there stood a little girl with a large basket. "Sister Raymond," she said "Grandma sent you a Santa for dinner." On opening the basket there was plum cake, mince pie, and cheese, etc., plenty for dinner and more too.

"Tell grandma we send many, many thanks, for her kindness." They had scarcely ceased speaking of their surprise when another sister came in, who said, "Sister Raymond would you accept a warm hood? I noticed you did not have one on in our meetings this winter. I hope you are having a pleasant Christmas, I see the little ones are enjoying themselves."

"Many thanks, you are all so kind to us, we feel that our blessings have been more than we deserve," tearfully spoke Mrs. Raymond.

"Your patience is deserving some reward, Sister Raymond," said the kind friend. "You will come to our social tonight, won't you? We shall expect you there."

"We have been speaking of it," said Mrs. Raymond. "Good morning; I hope you will all have a good time to-day," answered the lady.

"Yes," cried Freddy, as she closed the door, "I'm going to play all day," and he brought down his drum-stick with such a force as to make them all laugh. The day passed pleasantly. What a delicious dinner they had! no such one for many a day. In the evening they went to the party.

How proud Johnny felt, with his new slippers on, as he escorted his mother on the floor for the first dance. And how proud that mother was of her noble boy, who was always so kind to her! When a girl she had been very fond of dancing, and thought then her pleasures were many. But the pleasures of youth sink into insignificance compared to the real joy of being called by the sacred

name "mother." It seemed to her she had never felt so happy as she watched the merry dancers and thought of the blessings they had that day received. Surely there was joy in serving God and assisting Him in the great work.

"Now children before we retire, I wish to relate to you of other surprises we have had this day," spoke Mrs. Raymond. Some kind brother sent us a few dollars this afternoon while you were out, and this evening while dancing another friend dropped a dollar into my hand. Was it any wonder I felt so happy. It was truly a feeling of happiness which flows from the Spirit of God; knowing well that His watchful care was over us, fulfilling again His promise that He would be a Father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow, provided we put our whole trust in Him. Surely, children we have had a lesson of faith in answer to prayer. And now before we lay ourselves down to rest, on this our first eventful Christmas of papa's absence, let us unite in prayer and especially thank God for His many mercies towards us during the past year. "Please Johnny will you lead in prayer," solemnly spoke Mrs. Raymond, and never had Johnny prayed more fervently.

The holidays over, Mrs. Raymond again considered what she could do for the coming year. The district school was in need of a teacher and baby was now old enough to leave. But she feared her education was rather limited, although in those primitive days, there was not so much required of teachers as today. So she ventured to apply and was accepted. She immediately entered upon the laborious task. The children soon learned to love her and instead of it being such a heavy task it became a labor of love and pleasure.

The parents knowing her circumstances, gladly advanced some of her wages. The school rapidly increased and in the second term there was an enrollment of seventy scholars. Having taught three terms, school closed for the summer, which enabled Mrs.

Raymond to assist Johnny in the garden, for Laura was now able to attend to nearly all the household duties. Everything seemed to have prospered with the little family this second year. The children were well and Mrs. Raymond never enjoyed better health. The garden yielded abundantly.

"Johnny, your garden looks splendid this year."

"Yes," Johnny would answer, "that is because we paid our tithing last year."

Mrs. Raymond felt that her boy had learned to have faith in the lesson she had taught him, and so it proved, for he and Laura never failed to pay their tithes ever after and would often relate the blessings they received through the same.

The proceeds from school teaching amply supplied the needs of the family and enabled them to add many comforts to their home and also build an addition to the house, which was quite an improvement.

Vacation over Mrs. Raymond again resumed school, teaching one term alone, during the winter months she acted as assistant, the school being now increased to over one hundred.

Spring in all her beautiful attire once more dawned upon that humble home. The trees and shrubs had grown so much. All was life and joy, glad shouts were heard, "Papa's coming home, papa's coming home;" they had received a letter stating he would start for home in three weeks. Something must be done to welcome him home. Mamma would work a pair of slippers, Laura a pretty motto, Johnny a pretty wreath of flowers, with "Welcome Home" in bright letters, for he had also learned to work fancy stitches in the little school while resting from his work in the garden. The kitchen now served as a dining room. The new rag carpet was laid upon the front room, the garden received extra attention, the little ones practiced new tunes on their drums as each day glided quickly by.

At last the day arrived when the Bishop was to take them in his carriage to meet papa.

"O mamma," said Laura as she assisted the children to dress, "I can scarcely think it possible that we have passed through two years and three months of missionary life and are now so well and comfortable."

"Now, Laura, you will never doubt God's precious promises, nor forget the conversation we had the morning of your father's departure. Were not my words truly verified?"

"Yes, mamma, I have often thought of your words and hope I may never forget the lesson they have taught me," earnestly spoke Laura.

"Thank God, my child, that He places us in circumstances whereby we can learn to have faith in Him."

"Mamma, mamma!" interrupted the children, "here comes the Bishop." With light steps they jumped into the carriage. Away dashed the horses, and as they rounded the mountain point they espied a covered wagon. "Here comes papa, here comes papa," they cried. Tears of joy rolled down Mrs. Raymond's cheeks as she once more felt herself clasped in her husband's arms. The dear one had now returned with honors to his home, and he could not express his joy as each child was warmly embraced. He looked around the room and beheld the kind tokens of love. "My dear wife, this is a greater blessing than I deserve."

"Thank God," she says, "for all you see, for He is the giver, and though you were absent we were not LEFT ALONE."

ADVICE.

YE WHO have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast fading year;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come together here,

Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strifes beginning
And join in friendship now;
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness, spoken
Under the holly bough.

Charles McKay.

PRIZE CHRISTMAS STORY NO. 2.

LULU MATTEN'S CHRISTMAS.

"I CAN'T forget it," said Lulu Matten as she threw the covers from her fevered shoulders, and carelessly rubbed her hand across her burning forehead.

"Can't forget what, Lulu?" whispered Nelly at her side, her eyes only half opened.

"O nothing now, dear," she answered as she tucked the quilts snugly around the child, dressed herself and hurried out into the kitchen.

"She never will tell me anything," murmured Nelly under the quilts. "I suppose she's going to be another cross old maid like Aunt Alice."

"I can't forget it," repeated the child as she busied herself preparing the plain morning meal, quite unconscious of the listener in the doorway. In a moment the tiny arms were around her father's neck as she pressed a good morning kiss on his lips.

"But what is it my little girl can't forget?"

She did not mean to bring back old memories to pain his heart this lovely morning, she only tightened the clasp around his neck and replied it was "only a dream."

"And then it must be all told."

"My head ached a little," she began and the sad eyes dropped lest they should tell the tale, "and for a long time I could not sleep; but when I did I dreamed O, such a sweet dream about mother." The eyes grew a little brighter and a tear dropped into her lap.

"I dreamed," she went on, "I was so lonely and tired, and some one seemed to be with me, and when I looked at her I thought it was mother; she looked so lovely, dressed all in white. Then she took me in her arms and kissed me in my dream. I know she must be an angel, and it all seems so strange I can't forget it, and —" but she was checked as her father turned partly away wiping something from his eyes.

"Bless her," he murmured to himself as he closed the door behind him and started once more to his daily work. "She is the image of her dear, dead mother," he murmured again. "I wonder if the roses will ever come back to those pale cheeks."

Two long years had rolled by since Mr. Matten had moved to that lonely, desert-like spot which had never known what cultivation was. And it must grow prosperous if hard work and careful attention could accomplish it. If all went well in a few years the children would continue their studies in a higher school. Will laughingly told Harry he wondered if school teachers were ladies out here, and if they would be like the little old-fashioned school teacher at the old home in V——, who always wore spectacles and a cap, and "licked" the boys for whispering, and made the girls cry by telling them how nice she was when she was a girl. But when they returned from the church yard that bitter Christmas morning, hope with their very hearts was left behind, buried with the best friend this cold world affords. Even the chime of the sleigh bells sounded like a death knell to their ears. It is useless to describe a home where mother's care is known no longer, and the thought of an hour spent with her has softened the hardest heart and brought tears to the driest eyes. As Nelly knelt by her father's knee that night she added to her usual prayer, "Dear Jesus, God took mamma for trismas, please send her back as soon as you tan, Amen."

The days wore away ending in weeks and months, until Christmas morning dawned again. There was no music; no expectation of a delightful holiday, only a thoughtful care-worn look on each pale face, and as Mr. Matten looked at the first picture in the album something like tears appeared in his eyes.

"No, they'll never find another like her," he murmured, "this world affords few such women as that mother." And something seemed to remind him of the time when she was young, her face like a lily painted with

roses; when people used to tell him he had married the pride of the valley. Happiness dies while sorrow seems never to die away. If the children were spared that would be a great comfort. But the sad look in Lulu's eyes troubled him.

Spring came and went again. Summer wore away, and the cool winds of autumn scattered the leaves in every direction. Winter came and Christmas morning dawned again, clear, cold and frosty, as such mornings usually are. Only the chirp of the snowbird broke the silence that hovered around that little deserted home. The silence said plainer than words, the inmates were trying to forget the sadness that hovered around the place.

Lulu Matten and a few of her companions were seated around a bright fire in Mrs. Latten's sitting-room. The general conversation was about the presents, boys and the late winter fashions. Leah Madrid said she almost wished she could play with the lovely dolls she had two years ago. Lulu turned away to hide the tears that rolled down her cheeks and fell upon the neatly mended, home-made mittens in her lap. Mrs. Latten turned to the girls with a look that forbade them mention a Christmas so long ago. A chorus of hurrahs sounded from the road, and a sleigh drove to the door ridding itself of the joyful crowd.

"I wonder if everyone loves sleigh bells on Christmas so well as I?" exclaimed Leah as she watched the sleigh disappear behind the hill, and sneered a little to herself as she saw Lulu sitting very silent—a tiny hand covering each ear as if she would shut out some sound that did much more than annoy her.

"It's just ridiculous," Leah began as soon as she reached home that night.

"What is?" asked her mother as she laid the cloth on the table and looked at the girl's beaming face.

"Why, everything is, mamma! I anticipated such a lovely time at Mary's. Everything seemed so jolly at first, and Mary said she had asked the sweetest girl in the place to

come. Really I was expecting to see a handsome, flashing belle, something for a pattern for me; but when she came—why, she was nothing but a little, plain girl in a home-made dress. They seemed to admire her, but for my part I thought her a simple, common nobody. She has a handsome brother I should like, though," she added, mischievously.

"Who did you say she was, Leah?"

"Why, Lulu Matten, mamma."

Mrs. Madrid gave an anxious look at her daughter. "Leah," she began, a little reproachfully, "Mrs. Matten and I were girls together."

"Oh, you know her then, mamma. Well, what about her? I really believe you are a little impatient with me; you look like it. If I've said something wrong I'm very sorry; but now, what about Lulu?"

"I may tell you after the party, Leah, why Lulu is sad today. It may teach you a lesson."

"But she has everything to make her happy, hasn't she? If I were her I should try to be happy, I think."

"She may never be as happy as she has been; there is something she craves very much but will never have again."

"Well, then, I can't see the use of fretting. Will you please tell me now, so I can go to the party?"

"Leah, dear," her mother began, as she drew her to her side and looked into her eyes, "is there anything that could happen today to make next Christmas the saddest day in the year—anyone you would miss very much if death should steal them from you?"

Leah looked puzzled. "Did anything happen to Lulu?"

The look in her mother's eyes told plainly she was vexed with her, as she arose, carefully lifted the lid of the little old work-box and handed Leah a note.

"I've kept that note, Leah, for a long time. Read it, and I think that will explain Lulu's story," and Mrs. Madrid left the room.

Leah opened it and read these lines in a school-girl's scribble:

DECEMBER —, 18—.

DEAR MRS. MADRID.—Mamma died last night. Come quick as you can.

LULU MATTEN.

"I do not understand mamma; she might have explained a little better than that. It means, I suppose, that Lulu's mother is dead. Oh, yes, I remember you went somewhere, one Christmas, to a burial. Dear Lulu! I don't wonder now she is sad. I treated her so shamefully, too!"

The tender cord was touched at last, and a flood of tears was the only response that greeted Mrs. Madrid as she opened the door to remind Leah she was late for the ball.

"There, you've got your lesson; try and remember it."

"Dear me, not ready yet? Come, Leah, what does this mean?" and Charley Madrid pressed another kiss on his sister's forehead, with a signal not to stop too long to curl and bang. But the only answer Charley received on the subject was:

"No, I am not going;" given in that decided manner every little female is apt to use if things do not exactly suit.

Charley was soon listening in the kitchen to the reason, and in a few moments was traveling alone to the party.

"They don't know I am acquainted with her," he muttered to himself; "and if she is not Mrs. Madrid some day 'twon't be my fault!"

To his disappointment Lulu was not there; but in a short time the sleigh was bounding over the rough, uneven road that led to Matten's.

Near a bright fire in the little front room, which served for both parlor and sitting room, Lulu sat silently, now and then lifting her eyes from the fire and looking to see if father was asleep on the sofa.

A look in the wide open eyes told him she was thinking of something away in the past.

"Miss Matten would you like to attend the party?" and Charley looked hopefully into the bright face before him.

"Not tonight, thank you ever so much Mr. Madrid." The warm blood crept to her face as he drew her to the door.

"I know your story Lulu, that is why I am here. It is useless to always feel bad over what one cannot help."

"No I never could be happy tonight—a thousand thanks, Mr. Madrid." He did not, however, refuse the invitation to stay this time, and the gay company at the ball looked in vain that night for Charley.

That night formed the foundation for the future hopes of both, and almost before he was conscious of the fact he was saying at breakfast next morning it was much pleasanter to spend an evening at Matten's than in the brilliant hall at Banks. Something more than common friendship grew up in the hearts of Lulu Matten and Leah Madrid. Leah did not tell her now she thought her old fashioned or disagreeable; she only told her she thought her the loveliest girl she ever met and she added shyly that Charley thought so too. The two were often seen riding together on the hard, even road or boating on the mill-pond. But in some way the company separated and Lulu and Charley were often left alone. Leah spent some very interesting evenings with Will, while Harry was very much taken up with bright, pretty, blue-eyed Katie Banks.

Time wore gradually away and at last dawned the morning of success. The boys must take up the study they had left so long ago. And Mrs. Madrid gently suggested that Leah would be perfectly safe in their care if she went to the distant school. The chill winds of autumn heralded the coming of winter. A small group stood at the station awaiting the coming train.

"You will be both brother and lover to her Will?" Charley was saying. "Take good care of my sister, Will, and I will return your kindness."

Three long years at least must roll by when the graduates would return from college. When Christmas eve came again it found Charley and Lulu alone together.

"It has come at last, Lulu," Charley was saying, "I've got to go. Father cannot stand so much expense."

"Must you go Charley?" asked the girl laying one white hand on his shoulder and looking into his dear, kind face.

"Yes, Lulu I must. It is no use waiting and waiting for something to happen. I have waited for fortune to take a turn long enough and now I shall start for myself." He took the little white hands in his own this time and there by that little rustic gate eternal vows were spoken. A little ring was left on the forefinger with the initial letters of each inside. "If anything goes wrong, Lulu dear, I shall write to you and on no other condition, so do not wait for a letter."

"Why Charley?"

"You know the reason, Lulu. An unanswered letter or a lost one has broken many a lover's heart. Do you understand Lulu?"

The hands were clasped once more, not with the usual friendly clasp, but a strong love clasp. The farewell was spoken and Charley Madrid started to seek a fortune in a distant land with only a ring left behind to remind the girl of his choice of the old, old story.

Charley was gone, Nell was at Aunt Bell's, where she would continue at school for some time. Mr. Matten grew restless and weary with the lonesomeness of his home. "Lulu," Mr. Matten said one evening as she sat quietly engaged in her croquet-work, "I am very lonely, dear, and need a companion. I know I will never find one to fill your mother's place, but I've been thinking of Mrs. Walters."

Lulu looked up half astonished, half surprised with the remark. "Well father, you should know best." But if her own heart had spoken it would have urged war immediately against the proposition of a step-mother.

A few short months brought another mother to the Matten home, and the usual war began. "I can stand almost anything but that," Lulu murmured under her breath, when the china tea-set, her mother had prized so much was brought down from the shelf "for common." Soon all was over. Lulu's trunk was secretly

packed and she was gone. "It seems so hard to leave," she thought as she bade good bye to the old home, "but it must be, I suppose."

If Mr. Matten wondered where she was, no one knew it. His heart had been almost sealed against the girl of late and pride forbade him asking concerning her. "Oh, yes, I've heard tell of such things before, but she'll come back soon and I warrant it," went on the new Mrs. Matten as she flew around arranging things to suit her own fancy.

Years came and went, but no trace of Lulu. The boys had returned from college, and Will and Leah were settled on the little old homestead. Harry and Katie were living about half a mile away down by the river. Nelly had concluded to live a cross old maid like Aunt Alice, but a young man stopped at the gate that evening to tell her he was so lonesome since he had met her and that the little brick house on the hill needed some one very bad to arrange things and keep it in order and when he left her he planted something on her forehead that painted her cheeks like two roses, and the little something on her forefinger reminded her she must have said "Yes, if father is willing."

* * * * *

"The great clock on the kitchen shelf at Mrs. Milton's struck nine o'clock, the wind whistled through the leafless trees, carrying with it a storm of ivy snow-flakes. By the great fire sat a slender pale-faced girl stoning and chopping the raisins for tomorrow.

"Lulu, is it Christmas eve tomorrow?" asked little blue-eyed Ella.

"Yes."

"Will Santa Claus come to me?"

"I guess so."

"Will he come to you?"

"I guess not."

"Lulu it is time Ella was in bed," came the sharp voice from the dining room.

The girl arose, wiped the tears from her eyes, and carried the child to bed.

"Lulu must I be sure and pray for Santa Claus tonight."

"If you want to."

"Must I say just what I want to?"

"Yes dear."

"She knelt by the bedside and clasping her two tiny white hands together began: "Dear Jesus, Lulu said I could pray for Santa Claus, and if he won't be busy please send him early tomorrow night, so he can get through early. Robbie want's a big sleigh like Tommy Wanter's and I know mamma wants papa to come home. Please Jesus will Santa Claus to give all my presents to Lulu. She sleeps up stairs, you know, dear Jesus. Amen."

The tears were trickling fast down Lulu's face now, as she kissed the child good night, and hurried back to the kitchen.

The work was done and Mrs. Milton laid the order for breakfast on the table. There was a knock at the door. Lulu stepped forward to answer it. A tall, well-built man entered. A mingled look of pride and shame crossed his face. Mrs. Milton demanded his errand. He asked for food and lodging for the night. "No you cannot stay here, I have done with feeding tramps long ago. There is a tavern a few miles from here, perhaps you could get in there. I suppose you are willing to work, but I've nothing for you to do." He turned away and closed the door.

"He looked so cold and wretched," whispered the girl.

"O yes, I suppose so. Well, he can't sleep here, or eat here, either," and Mrs. Milton swept back to the parlor to finish the song, "Give charity, Christmas Eve."

A dozen thoughts crept through the girl's mind. At last she decided. It was risky work, and she might lose her place; but he looked so wretched, she reasoned with herself. She lifted a plate of the fresh-baked cookies from the shelf and stole out into the storm.

On the porch floor, huddled close to the wall, lay the half-starved man. He raised up as she approached him. The light from the window fell upon his face. There was something familiar in his countenance. "You are very kind; may heaven reward you," he

said, as he handed back the plate, and sank back by the wall.

"You are not going to sleep there?" she said, glancing nervously at him.

"I suppose not if you say I must not. I'm not a ruffian, if I do look like one."

"I—I did not mean that," responded the astonished girl; "but you will freeze to death out here, and you know I dare not give you a room in the house." Their eyes met for a moment and something like a shot darted to the man's heart.

As he arose to leave she wondered where he could go. If he should freeze to death, his death would be at her door, and she thought of two loving brothers at home and wondered if they were safe this cold, bitter night.

"I can't see you go," she said, turning to the man, "not while I have power to shelter you. I may lose my place, but it is not so bad as seeing you freeze," and she led the way to the old kitchen shed. An old mattress, that looked as if it had seen better days, and a bundle of blankets the men had brought home from the canyon made the bed. "It is not much, sir, but it is the best I can do for you. Heaven knows I would provide more if I dare."

Thankful for the scanty accommodation, he promised to be up before any of the family were about, she gave one anxious look at the wanderer's face and went back into the house; but paused at the foot of the stairs. "He looked so much like Charley I could not help it," she murmured to herself.

All night long she lay restless on her bed up stairs. What if he was a tramp and the drawer that held the silver was unlocked? She arose, lifted the bunch of keys entrusted to her care, from the little old stand and hurried down stairs, locked the drawer and examined everything about the room. It was useless to try to sleep the remainder of the night. And she occupied the time in trying to read; she started at every sound for fear the tramp was prowling about. Day-light finally came and she listened anxiously for the sound of footsteps from the shed. She took a small lunch

basket from the shelf, filled it with refreshments and started for the shed. The man was already up. He looked rested but wretched as he bade her good morning. She handed him the basket with "I could not let you go away hungry; take this and this," and without warning she pressed a five dollar bill in his hand. He looked first at the basket then at the bill in his hand then at the fair one who placed them there. He tried to speak but something choked him. "I will take this," he said at last looking from the basket to the girl, "but the money I refuse to touch; yet I am very grateful to you."

But the girl insisted.

At last he said, "Only on one condition will I accept it, that is, in some future day you will let me return it."

"It is not necessary," she replied.

He handed her an old memorandum; "Write your name and address in that and I promise you in some future day I will return your money with interest." And there in that old memorandum she wrote what she little dreamed would ever benefit her, closed the book and handed it back to the man. He placed it back in his old worn pocket thanked the girl, glanced for a moment more into the great dark eyes, bade her good-bye and started away.

It was hard and cold walking in snow knee deep. When the frosty air was warmed a trifle with the sun he sat down on the roadside to partake of the contents of the basket. As a crowd of people was passing he heard a voice that sounded familiar, he arose and approached the man who spoke and for a moment they looked at each other in surprise. At last the stranger exclaimed, "Is it possible! Charley Madrid! Well old boy, you certainly look as if some misfortune had captured you, and brought you here this early in the morning. Well, come down to the house," and the men that had been college boys together walked down the street until they reached Ralph Andrus' gate.

"You see Charley I have started out for

myself and when you see my wife, see if you don't think me a lucky fellow."

It was very pleasant to eat a warm meal in a comfortable house, at least Charley thought so. And when, after dinner they found themselves alone Charley began his story: "Father was getting old, Ralph, and he needed his income for himself. The fact was I wanted to marry a dear, sweet little thing and wanted to make her happy. I wanted what every one needs when he begins life for himself, and what you have likely found out—money. And I started off to gain it. I sought a fortune, worked hard and won it. I had a friend, William Turner. We ate slept and worked together. I trusted him and still trust him. Last autumn I left my fortune in his hands and started for home with enough capital, I thought, to last me, promising to telegraph to William as soon as I reached home, when he would follow me. But I was robbed on the steamer of everything except what I had on, and have half worked and half begged my way here." Without a word Ralph left the room and returned in a moment with the remark, "It is not much, Charley, but a neat five hundred may take you home and last until William follows."

"It is a great deal to a fellow that is penniless Ralph," and with gratitude he accepted the money. He certainly looked very different when he returned from the tailor's a few hours later, and Ralph thought he looked like college Charley again. Once alone with the money loaned him he thought of the five dollar bill. He would not have time to go back if he started home on the next train. He had the address safe, however, and could return it at some future time, and in another hour, the wanderer was traveling home. When he stood in the door of the old home next morning, tears flowed down Mrs. Madrid's furrowed cheeks as she welcomed him and called him her long lost treasure. Almost everything of importance that had transpired since he left was rehearsed to him after breakfast as he sat by the old kitchen fire enjoying a Christmas at home.

He inquired for Lula. Mrs. Madrid tried to answer but the words stuck in her throat and she left the room. There was something strange Charley thought, as he walked to the barn saddled and bridled a horse and started to Matten's. He was met at the door by a tidy little woman with dark grey eyes, and a few threads of silver in her hair; he looked anxiously around and waited for Lulu's welcome voice, but it never came. At last he asked for her and was astonished at the reply. "O, I had almost forgotten there was such a girl. Why she left here years ago. She got on one of those high spirited tares, I called it, and before any one knew it she was off. To tell the truth, mister, I do not know where she is. Some folks thought she went off with some fellow to get married, but I don't."

He waited to hear no more, but went home with something very heavy at his heart. He could not believe she was false. The looks of the new Mrs. Matten explained why she had left, but no one was able to tell where she had gone. William Warner followed Charley Madrid the next month with the money, and when prospects of another Christmas dawned a new brick cottage stood on the corner of T— street with a few flowers in front.

"It is just a year ago tonight," Charley was saying, "since I asked for charity. And, by the way, about time I returned the five dollar bill. He wrote a polite little note of thanks and opened the old memorandum to copy the address. He turned suddenly away, laid the book on the desk and hurried into the kitchen. He left word he would have to leave on business, but would try to be back on Christmas. He went to the station and boarded the train. It did not move fast enough to satisfy the man inside. Once arrived at the distant city, he almost flew over the road until he reached Milton's. He stepped to the front door and rang the bell, and inquired for Miss Matten. As she came forward he offered her his hand, but she refused to notice it. "I have come Miss Matten to return the money I—Lulu, do

you not know me?" She stood like a statue, her eyes fixed on the stranger. "Lulu do you remember Charley Madrid?"

"She started at the name and her eyes fell. "Charley."

"Lulu do you remember a vow made years ago never to be broken, we thought?"

She checked him and said. "Don't Charley. I never can be anything now more than I am. You would be too proud to take me if you knew all, and I never, no never could go home. But tell me, Charley, is father there, and the boys and Nellie, tell me are they there?"

"Yes, Lulu, waiting and watching for some word from you. How could you leave them?"

"There, I knew you would blame me, don't talk of taking me back; only tell them when you go back that I am well."

"I shall not return until you go with me, Lulu, I shall never ask why you left. If you desire to tell me at some future time I may be pleased to hear it. Aren't you tired of this life, Lulu?"

She looked halfastonished, half bewildered. It all came so sudden. "Charley, yes, I am ready to go now, if you wish it."

"He promised to be back in an hour and started away. The trunks were soon packed and wheeled into the hall, and when night came again and Ella knelt by the bedside to offer her prayer for Christmas, Lulu was hastening along with the train to M—— and when the smiling face, not much paler than before, appeared again at home Mr. Matten forgave her for her mother's sake.

There was a quiet wedding a few weeks later. Everyone who knew Lulu's story prophesied a future life of happiness for the pretty bride, but there were tears in Lulu's eyes for her mother was not there, and her father had grown colder. Her mind wandered back to a Christmas long ago.

Myrtle Murrell.

TABLE MANNERS.

GOOD manners at table are of the first importance. But if you are careless at the home table, you will be awkward at the table of a host when trying to put on "society manners." True ease comes from obliging yourself to do always as well as you know how in table matters.

Do not make a "*schlooping*" sound in swallowing soup. Deglutition should be a noiseless act.

Never talk with food in your mouth. I have often been obliged to look into mouths where the food was resting in a state of semimastication. This is sickening to a sensitive stomach. No one lives whose ideas are so valuable that the world cannot afford to wait for them five seconds, while the food is swallowed.

In eating preserves, olives, or anything in which there are stones, don't drop them from the mouth and make a *cuspidore* of your plate. Remove them quietly in the left hand partly closed, or with a spoon, and put them at one side of the plate.

There are certain rules which, doubtless, you well know, yet it may be expedient to repeat them. Line upon line, precept upon precept, are needed. Never be helped to soup twice, unless you are at home, and it is the principal part of the dinner. There are two lessons for this rule: too much liquid is not wholesome, and your second plate of soup obliges the rest of the company to wait.

Never use your knife as a shovel, or your fork as a pitchfork. I have seen persons go through, while at dinner, most of the farming operations.

Never fold your napkin at a dinner party; never fail to do it at home, replacing it in the ring. Almost every one uses the ring or fork as a toy at times, or beats an occasional tattoo on the table; but it is ill-bred not to keep the hands at rest between the courses.

"*Pose and repose*" is a good watchword in these matters. Take a good position and keep it.

Literature is a great staff, but a sorry crutch.

For Our Little Folks.

QUIVER'S DOG.

"SAY, Quiver, what luck today?" asked one ragged little news-boy of another.

"One, two — seven — nine; not much, Billy. Only three sold. Phew? How cold the wind does blow."

The little fellow stood near the iron fence of a fine residence. The white snow made his poor little feet look purple, and his ragged clothes were of little use to protect him from the keen blasts that almost shook the tall buildings about him.

The drooping mouth, with the sensitive quiver of his lips, the reason for his nickname, while want and woe had failed to harden the features or brutalize the sweet, natural disposition of the little outcast.

My dear little friends, who are warm, well fed and happy today, as the snow comes pouring down and everything is cold and cheerless outside, how little they realize the miseries of such scraps of humanity as infest the cities of the world by thousands.

Poor little Quiver! Not enough papers sold in the whole long day to buy a supper for himself or even a bit for his one faithful, loving friend—his dog Scrag.

"Poor old Scraggy!" muttered the boy, leaning down to caress the

rough coat of his little dog. "You, too, are hungry. Well, never mind, old chappie, we'll try again."

They did. No luck attended the effort, however, and evening found them colder, hungrier and poorer. A tiny bit of bread was bought with the penny and shared between the two.

The next day was worse. Still worse the third day. That evening, after much searching of garbage barrels, an old bone with a little meat on it was fished out and the two found a sheltering doorway.

"Scrag, you're awful hungry, ain't you?"

"Bow—wow," answered Scrag.

Hunger had partially left poor little Quiver, for he had fasted so long he was well-nigh exhausted. The cold, too, seemed to hang like a weight upon him.

"Old fellow," went on the weak voice, as the boy lay curled up with the dog on his lap. "I don't believe I'm nigh as hungry as you be." Half unconsciously he relaxed his hold on the bone and it fell down to Scrag, who pounced upon it with a bark of delight.

"I'm sleepy, Scraggy," were the words of the poor little, suffering mite of humanity. Down lower he crouched, and away in a hazy dream his quivering little soul floated into eternity.

Only a dead waif. Nothing uncommon these cold mornings. But when the newspaper reporter found



the two in the early hours of day-break the next day, the lad dead and cold, the dog crouched near him, alive, warm and the bone between his jaws, he wondered if it were chance or self-sacrifice that gave the dog the life, the food, such as it was, and drifted out into Death's wide confines the human soul. Two lines in the big morning daily, and poor Quiver was as a flake of melted snow. His dog, who can tell? When Quiver was naught, surely none would remember or care for a scrap of life in a dog? *H.*

"GOOD-NIGHT, MR. PRESIDENT."

ONE of the Roman Popes, when newly raised to his dignity, returned a salute of one of his officers, and when told that such acknowledgment was not required of him excused himself, saying, "I have not been Pope long enough to forget good manners." It is to be hoped that the fine little boy, of whom the following anecdote is told, will not forget his good manners when he gets to be a man.

A gentleman took his family to the President's reception the other evening. After shaking hands and exchanging a social greeting with the President, they mingled with the company.

Their only child, a bright lad of twelve, seemed to enjoy the evening very much, and at an early hour was quite reluctant to leave the brilliant

assembly. On the point of departure, pulling his father's hand, he said:

"Why, father, it is not polite to leave without bidding the President good-night, is it?"

"Yes, my son, that is the custom here. Why, if we should stay until ten o'clock, the President would leave the rooms, and then we should have to go, too."

The boy did not seem quite satisfied, however, and his father soon missed him in the crowd. Away back in the "blue room" the President was aroused by hearing a childish voice, and, looking down, he saw a little lad whose face he remembered.

"Good-night, Mr. President," said the little fellow, holding out his hand. "we are going home now."

The President was much amused at this unusual occurrence, and, with his hand on the boy's shoulder, gave him some kind words. The little fellow went away content, and the room was merry over the incident for some time. *Y.*

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH
HISTORY PUBLISHED IN No.
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1. WHAT was Brigham Young doing when the Prophet was gathering up the Elders of Israel to go to Missouri to assist the brethren who had been driven from Jackson County? A. Preaching to the people, and laboring for the support of his family.

2. Did he also make some calculations upon going up with Zion's Camp? A. He did.

3. What did the Prophet say to him and his brother Joseph while in conversation one day upon the subject of the camp of Zion going to Missouri? A. "Brother Brigham and Brother Joseph, if you will go with me in the camp to Missouri and keep my counsel, I promise you in the name of the Almighty, that I will lead you there and back again, and not a hair of your heads shall be harmed."

4. How did the brothers reply to this? A. They gave their hands to the Prophet to confirm the covenant.

5. When did the camp start upon its journey? A. On the 8th of May, 1834.

6. When did Brothers Brigham and Joseph Young return to Kirtland? A. Some time in August.

7. What was the distance of the round trip, and how had they performed it? A. Two thousand miles, which they traveled entirely on foot in a little over three months.

8. How was he occupied during the fall and winter? A. Quarrying rock, working on the Temple, and finishing off the printing office and school room.

9. When was he called to be one of the Twelve Apostles? A. On the 14th of February, 1835.

10. How was he occupied after that? A. From that time forward until the death of the Prophet Joseph,

the duties of his apostleship claimed all Brother Brigham's attention.

THE following are the names of those who correctly answered Questions on Church History published in No. 22: Jennetta Blood, Heber C. Blood, Emma E. Tolman and Anna S. Sessions.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. DURING the darkness and apostasy at Kirtland, what was Brigham Young's constant testimony regarding Joseph Smith? 2. What was the result of his fidelity to the Prophet and the cause? 3. When did he leave Kirtland? 4. Why did the Prophet Joseph have to flee about the same time? 5. While Brother Brigham was on his journey and having reached the town of Dublin, Indiana, whom did he meet? 6. After he had been there a short time how did he address Brother Young? 7. How did this seem to strike him? 8. On assuring him that he was, what did he say? 9. How was this promise fulfilled?

A PERSON asked some little boys what they were good for. "Good to make men out of," said one of them.

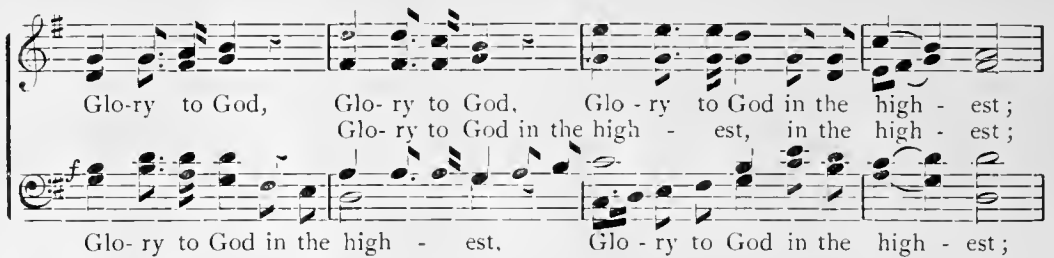
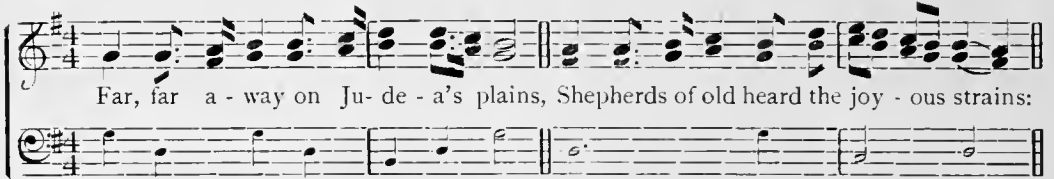
END of a boy's letter from boarding school: "I can't write any more, for my feet are so cold that I can't hold a pen. Your affectionate son, Tommy."

FAR, FAR AWAY ON JUDEA'S PLAINS.

Christmas Carol.

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY J. MACFARLANE.



Lord, with the angels we too would rejoice,
Help us to sing with the heart and voice:
Glory to God, etc.

Hasten the time when, from every clime,
Men shall unite in the strains sublime:
Glory to God, etc.

TAKE COURAGE.

YE GIFTED sons of God,
Be strong of heart and will;
When subject to the rod
Be true and steadfast still.
To suffer is the fate of all
Who dare to honor duty's call.

It needs a dauntless soul
To battle for the right,
To reach the happy goal
Redeemed from error's night;
Yet, truth and virtue will prevail
In spite of all that may assail.

From caverns rich and deep,
Where wisdom's jewels lie;
From summits grand and steep,
Where knowledge perches high,
Roll echoes bidding us prepare
Their wealth of worth to freely share.

Then let us heed the call
And to the fountain go,
Where life is free to all
Who choose the truth to know;
God's smiling face will strength impart
And gladden each devoted heart.

J. C.

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Illustrated Semi-Monthly Magazine,

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELEVATION OF THE YOUNG.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,
Editor.

VOL. XXIV, FOR THE YEAR 1889.

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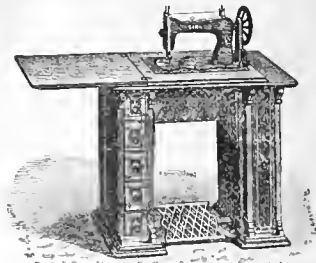
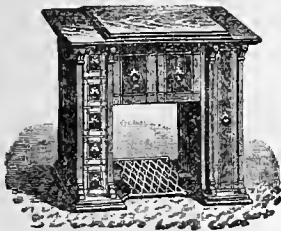
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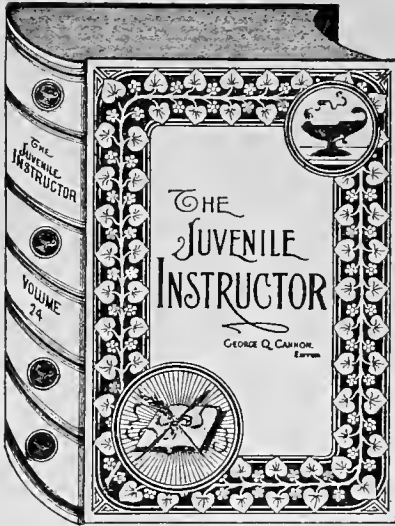
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